



Geronimo Stilton

OPERATION: SECRET RECIPE

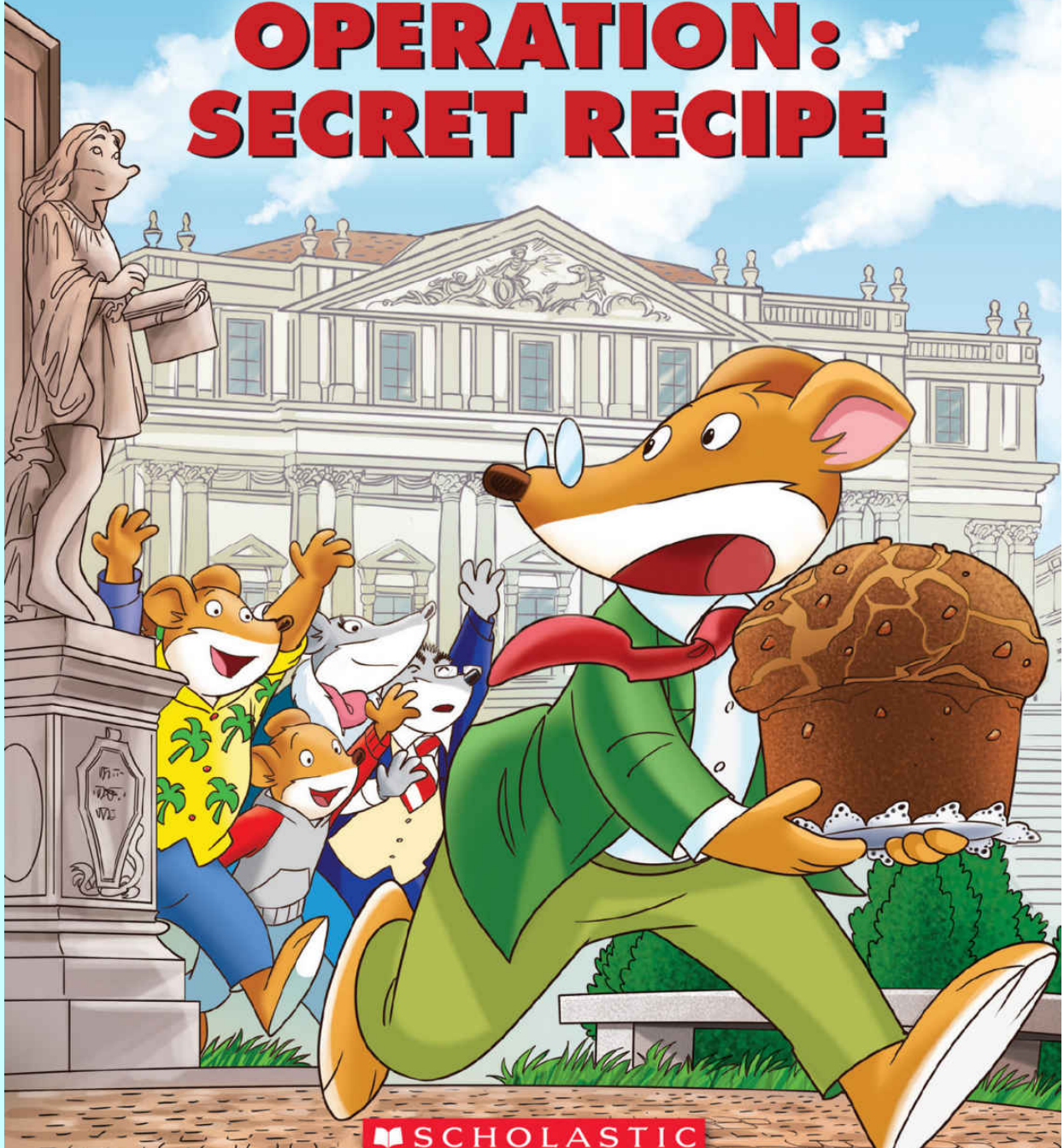


 **SCHOLASTIC**

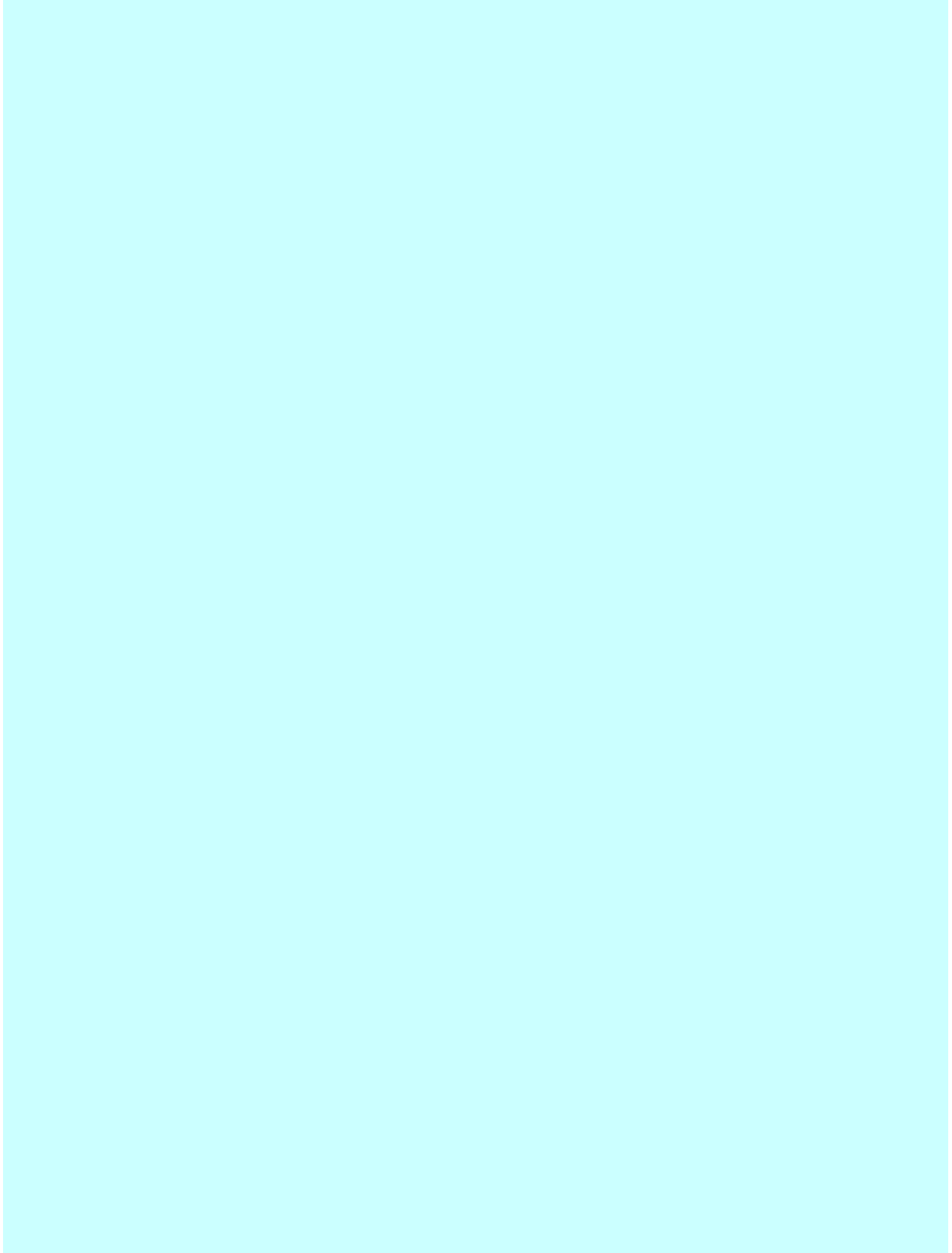


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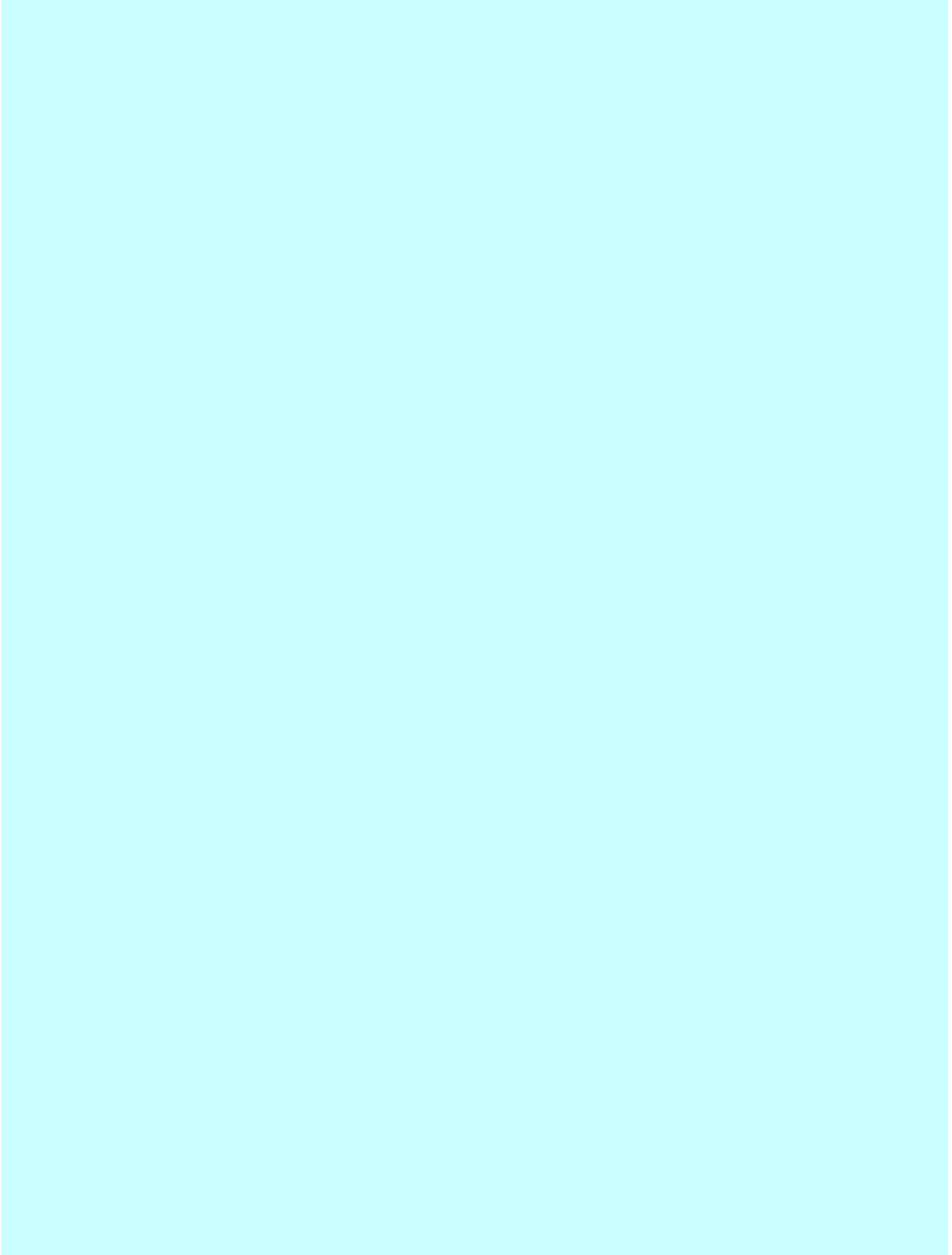


Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of



Geronimo Stilton

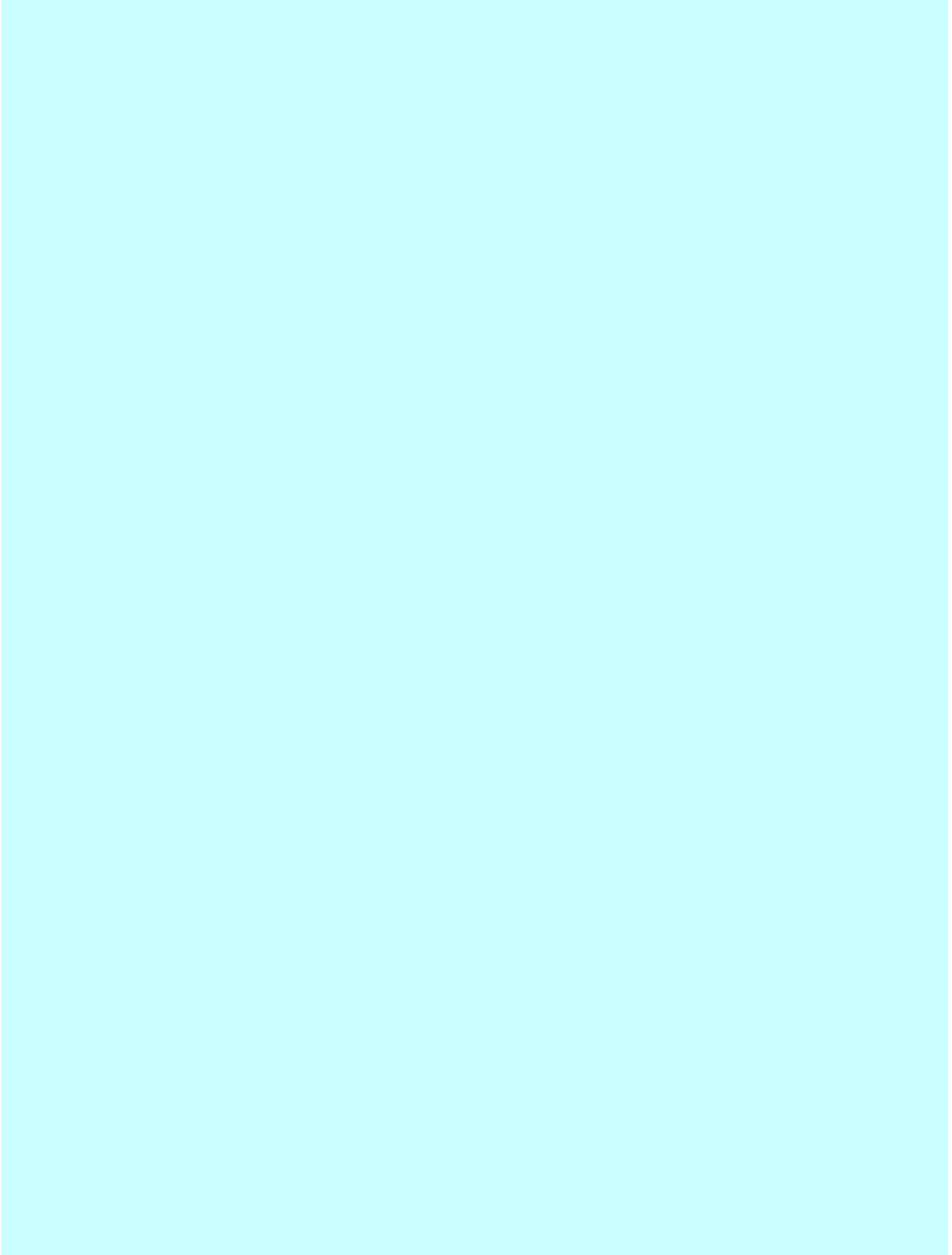


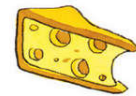
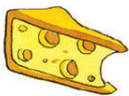
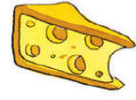
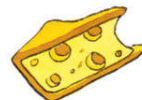
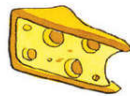


THE RODENT'S GAZETTE
EDITORIAL STAFF

The illustration depicts a bustling office environment for 'The Rodent's Gazette'. In the center, a male mouse sits in a large red armchair, reading a newspaper. To his left, a female mouse in a pink dress sits on the floor, eating a pizza. Behind her, a male mouse in a green suit talks on a red rotary phone. To the right, a male mouse in a blue suit and hat stands near a large stack of books. In the foreground, a male mouse in an orange sweater runs towards the left, while a female mouse in a pink shirt runs towards the right. A small dog is lying on the floor, and a box of supplies is open. The background features bookshelves filled with books and a small statue on a pedestal. The overall style is colorful and whimsical.



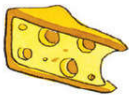
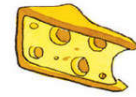
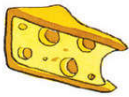




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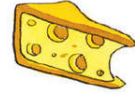
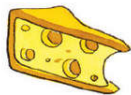
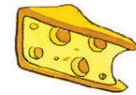
A learned and brainy mouse; editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*

Thea Stilton
Geronimo's sister and special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*



Trap Stilton
An awful joker;
Geronimo's cousin and owner of the store Cheap Junk for Less

Benjamin Stilton
A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse; Geronimo's favorite nephew



Geronimo Stilton

OPERATION: SECRET RECIPE



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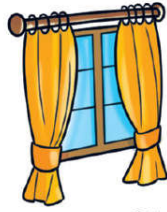
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SNORE, SNORE, SNORE . . . SQUEAK?

One calm spring *morning*, I was home in my mousehole **SNORING AWAY** in my comfy little bed . . .



SNORE, SNORE,



SNORE . . . SQUEAK?

Well, I was snoozing peacefully until **suddenly** someone started throwing rocks at my bedroom window!

**Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang,
bang, bang, bang!**

I checked the time. Holey cheese—it was five o'clock in the morning!

I rolled over and closed my eyes, muttering,
“Slimy Swiss balls, go away— I’m
sleepy!”

Then someone rang the buzzer.



SNORE, SNORE,



SNORE . . . SQUEAK?

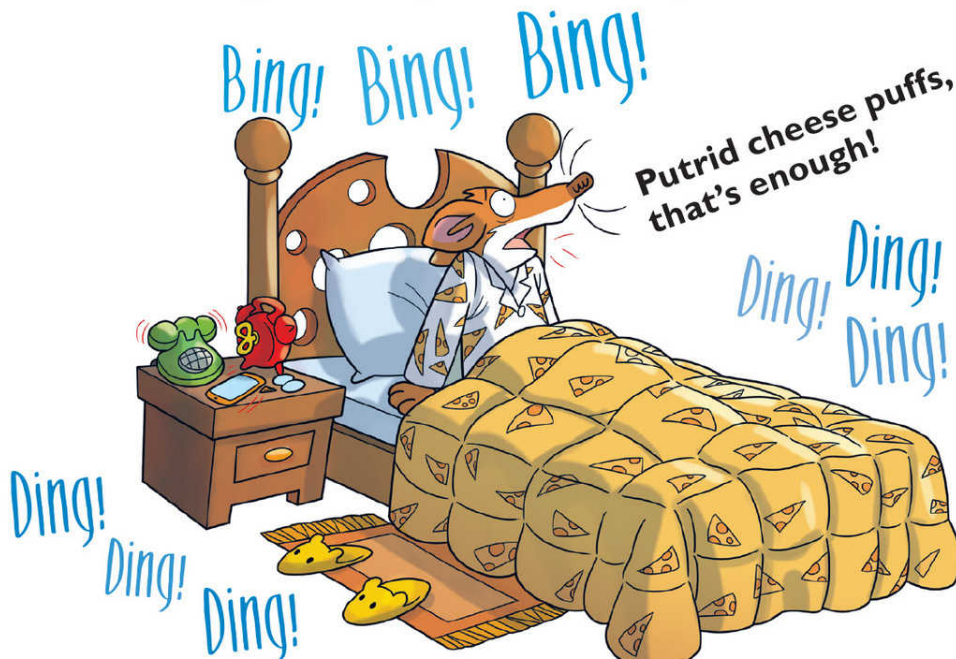
I put the pillow over my head and **GRUMBLED**, “Some of us are in the middle of very important sleeping!”

But a moment later, I heard a knock on my door.

Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock!

At the same time, my home phone started ringing. I was getting all kinds of text messages and emails on my cell phone, too!

Ring ring riiiiing!





SNORE, SNORE,



SNORE . . . SQUEAK?

I **ROLLED** out of bed, yelling at the top of my lungs, “Putrid cheese puffs, that’s enough! I want to sleep!”

Just then, someone shouted,

“Geronimooooo!”

I couldn’t tell who in the world was squeaking. This wasn’t just one voice—it was a whole **chorus** of different voices! Even so, they sounded familiar . . .

THUNDERING CATTAILS!

Sighing, I trudged out my front door—and could hardly believe my eyes! Parked in front of my house was an ultra-modern **Super RV**.

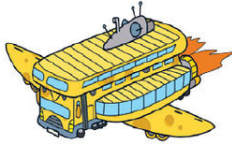
You may think I’m squeaking nonsense, dear **rodent** friends, but I swear that this RV . . .

SNORE, SNORE,



SNORE . . . SQUEAK?

. . . was as **long** as a train car!



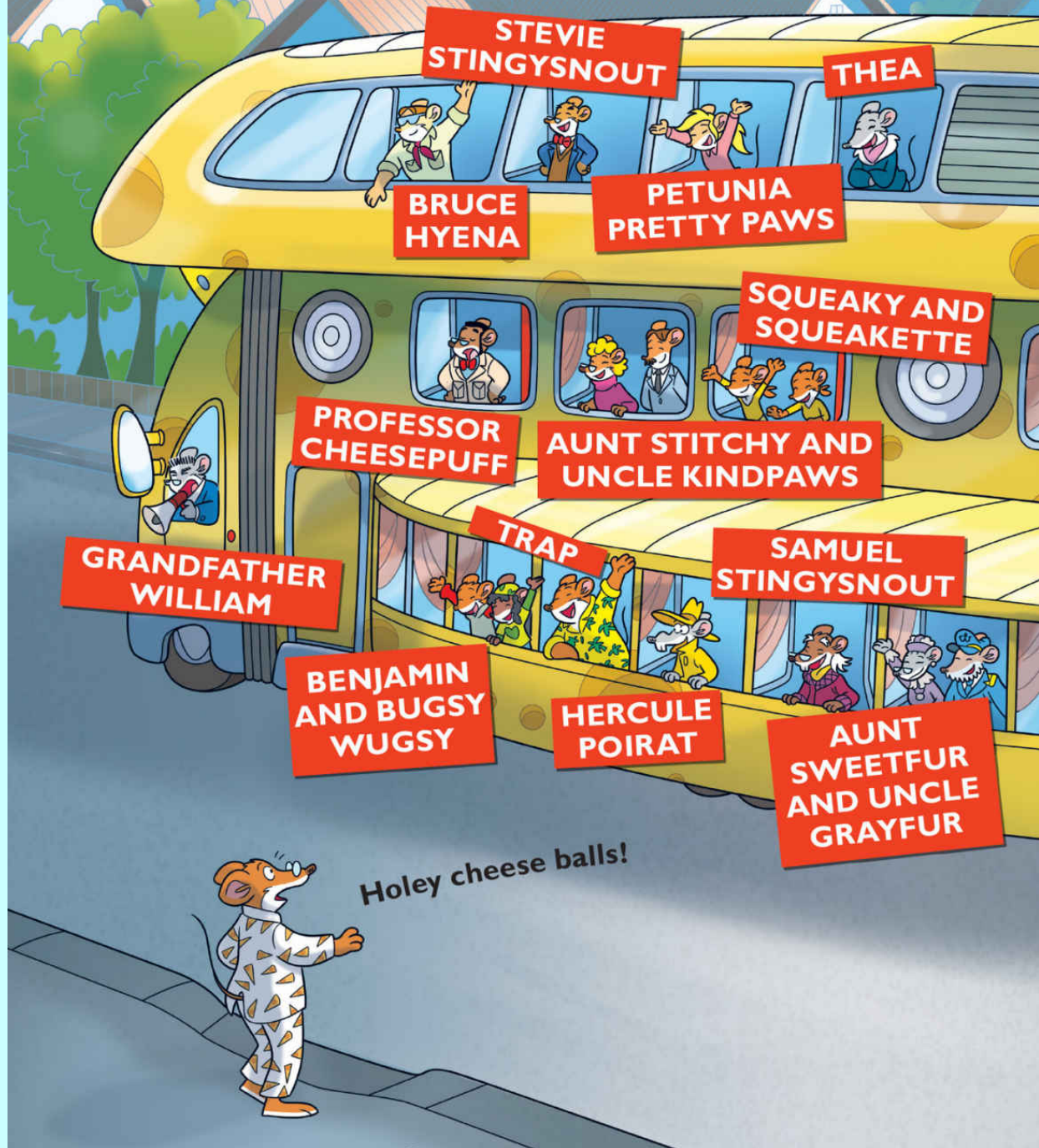
. . . was as **wide** as a truck!

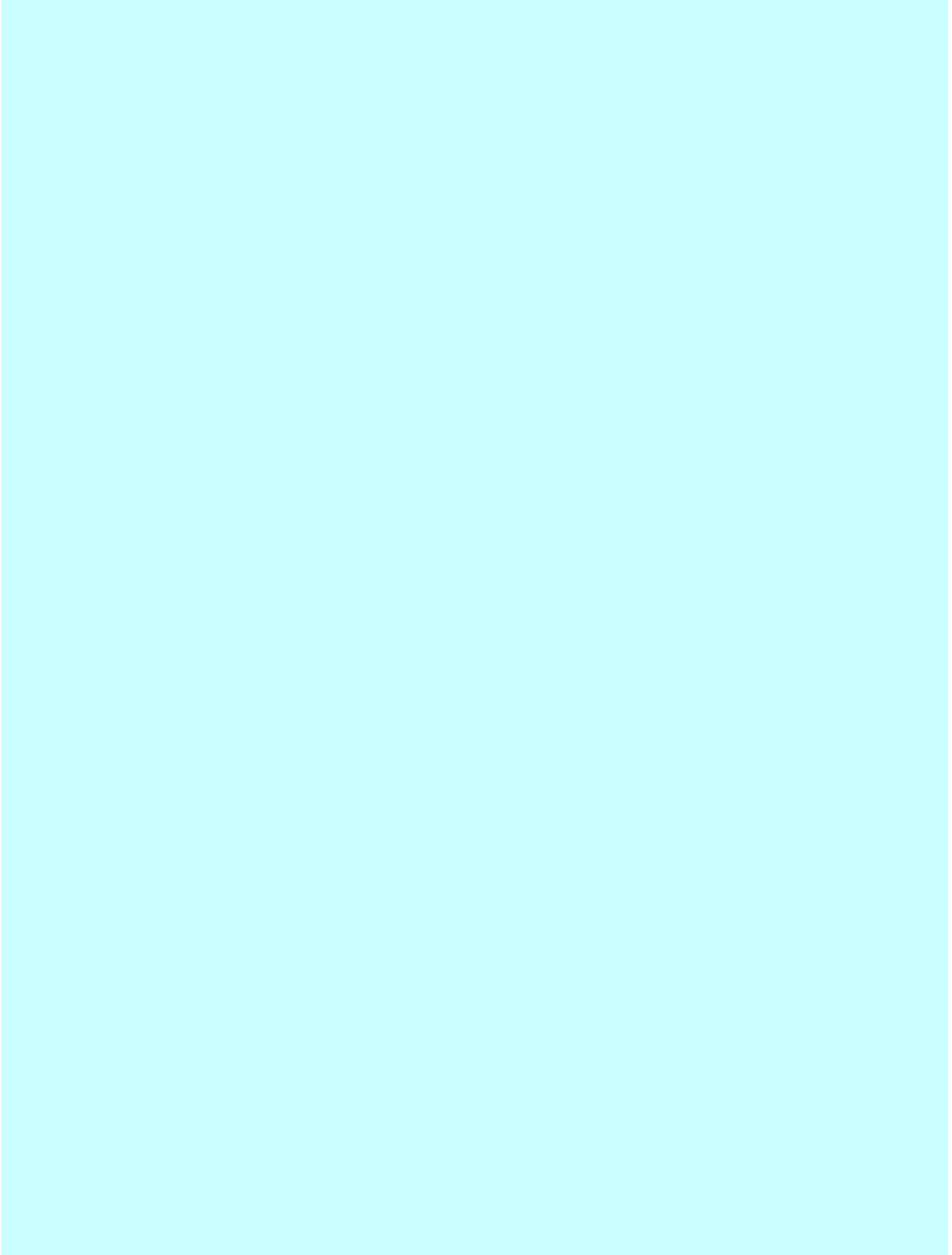
. . . and was as **tall** as a three-story house!

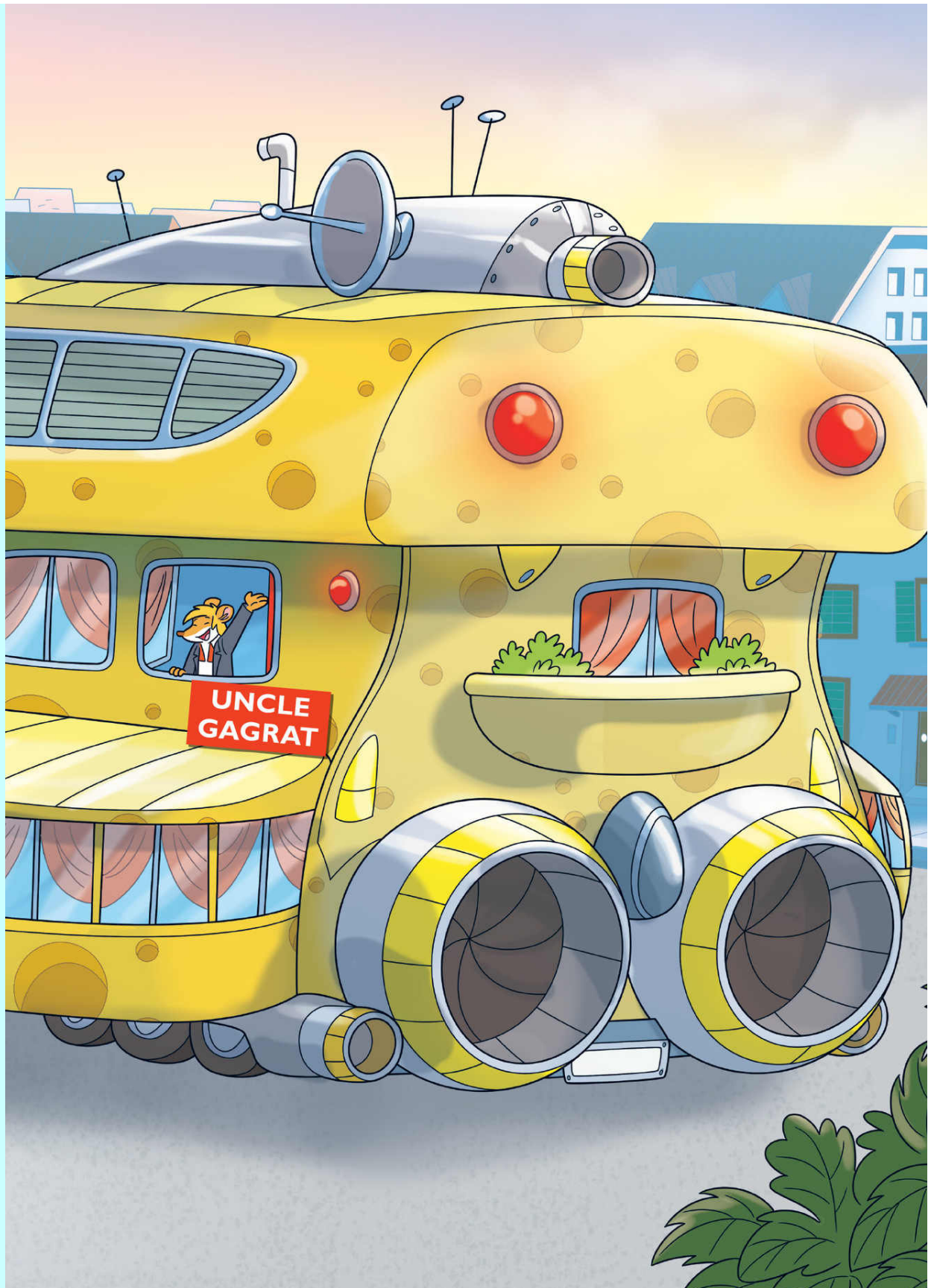
Basically, the cheese-colored Super RV was completely **ENORMOUSE!**

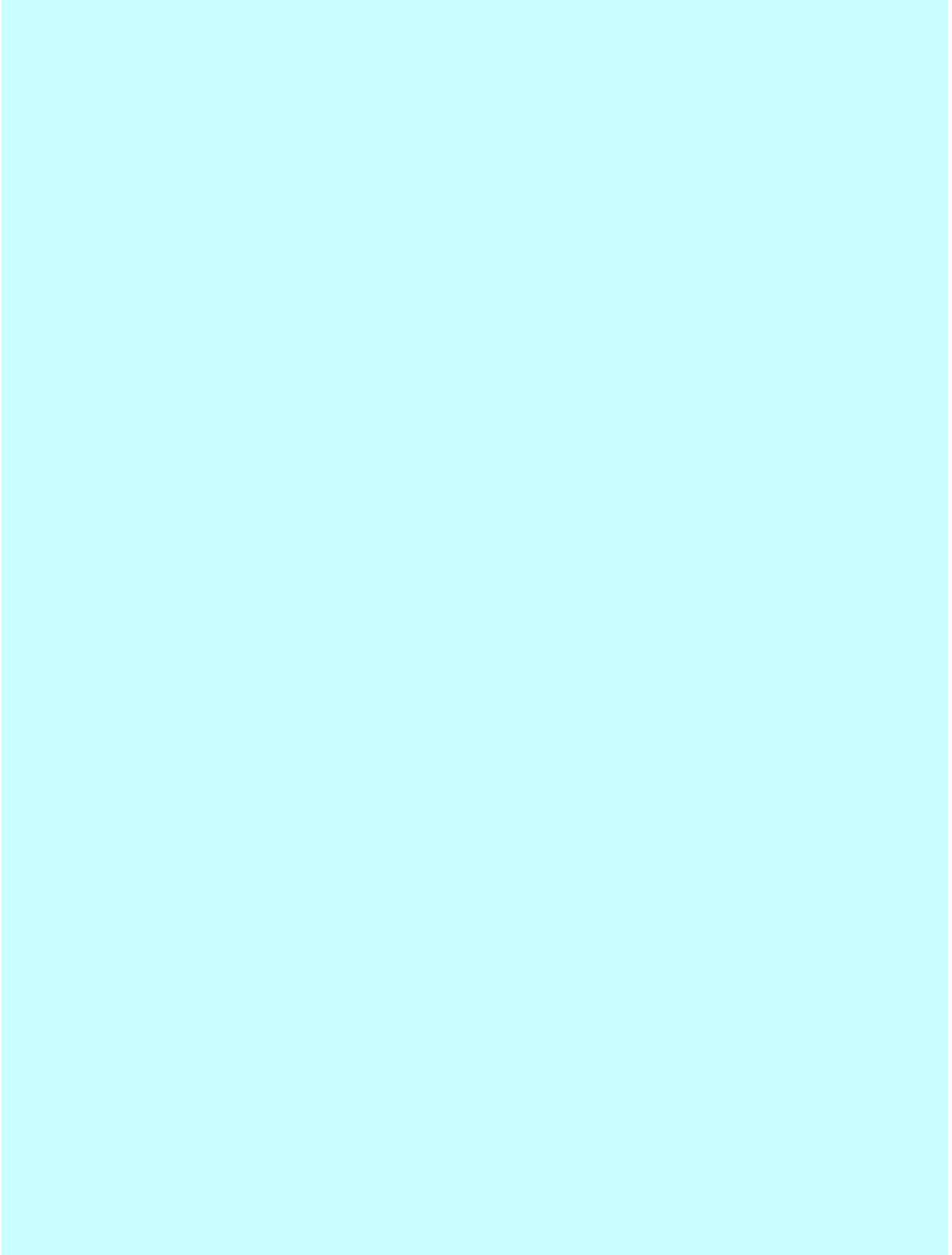
And that's not all! Most of my **family** and **friends** were poking their snouts out of the RV's windows. **THOSE** were the voices I'd heard!

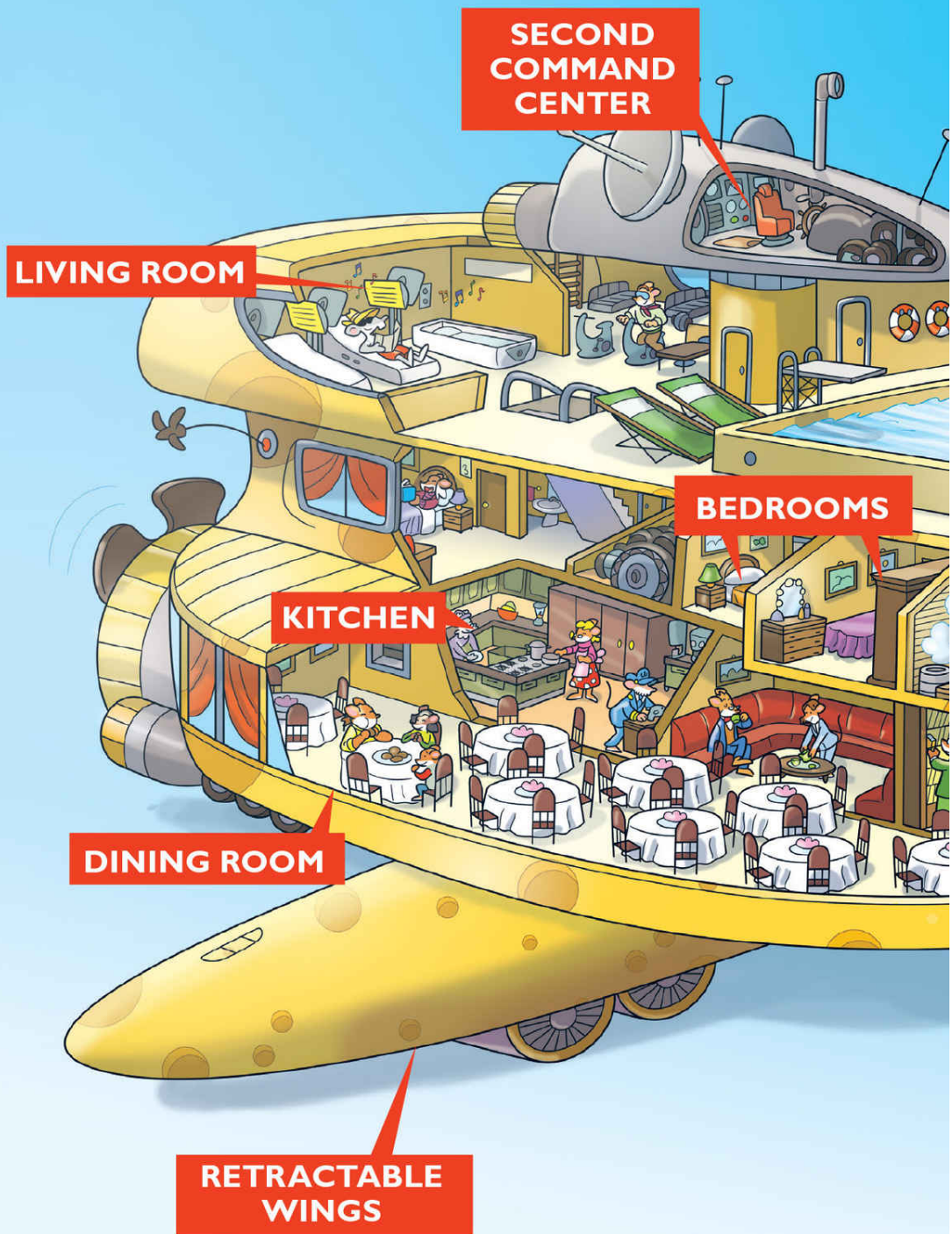
The STILTON Family SUPER RV

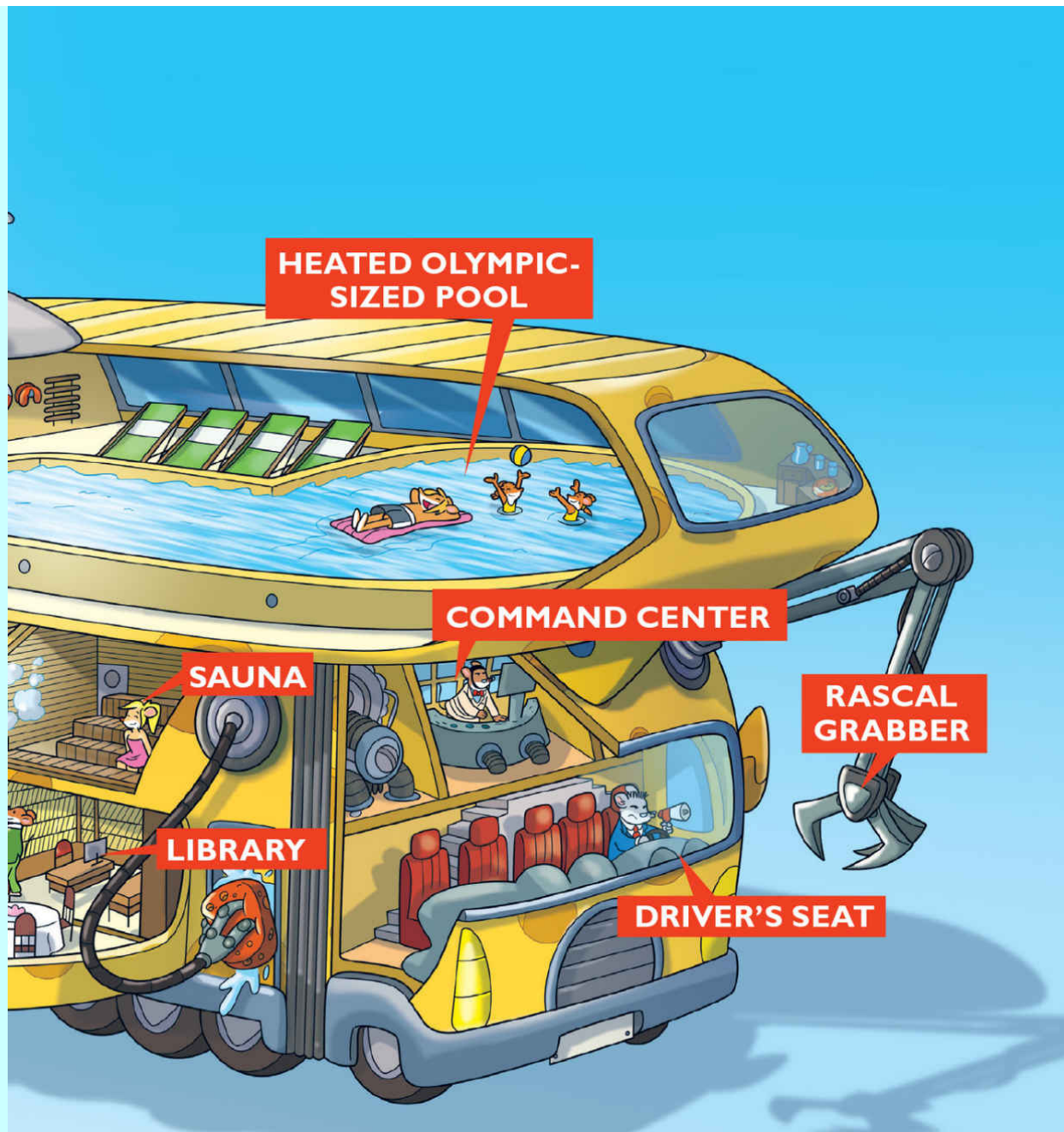












Super RV

This is an RV unlike any other—it transforms into all different fabumouse vehicles! It can drive on the street like a car, fly in the sky like a plane, or sail the seas like a boat.



BUT I'M IN MY PAJAMAS!

Rubbing my eyes, I ran toward the Super RV.
As soon as I approached, a door suddenly
popped open: *Pop!*

. . . A claw came out: *Zip!*

. . . It grabbed me by my pajama shirt:
Zap!

. . . And it ripped off three buttons: *Riiip!*

I began to thrash around. Was this thing
ever going to put me down?

“SQUEEEAAAKKK!”

Grandfather William leaned out of
the Super RV and thundered through a
megaphone, “Grandson, we need to leave
right away!”

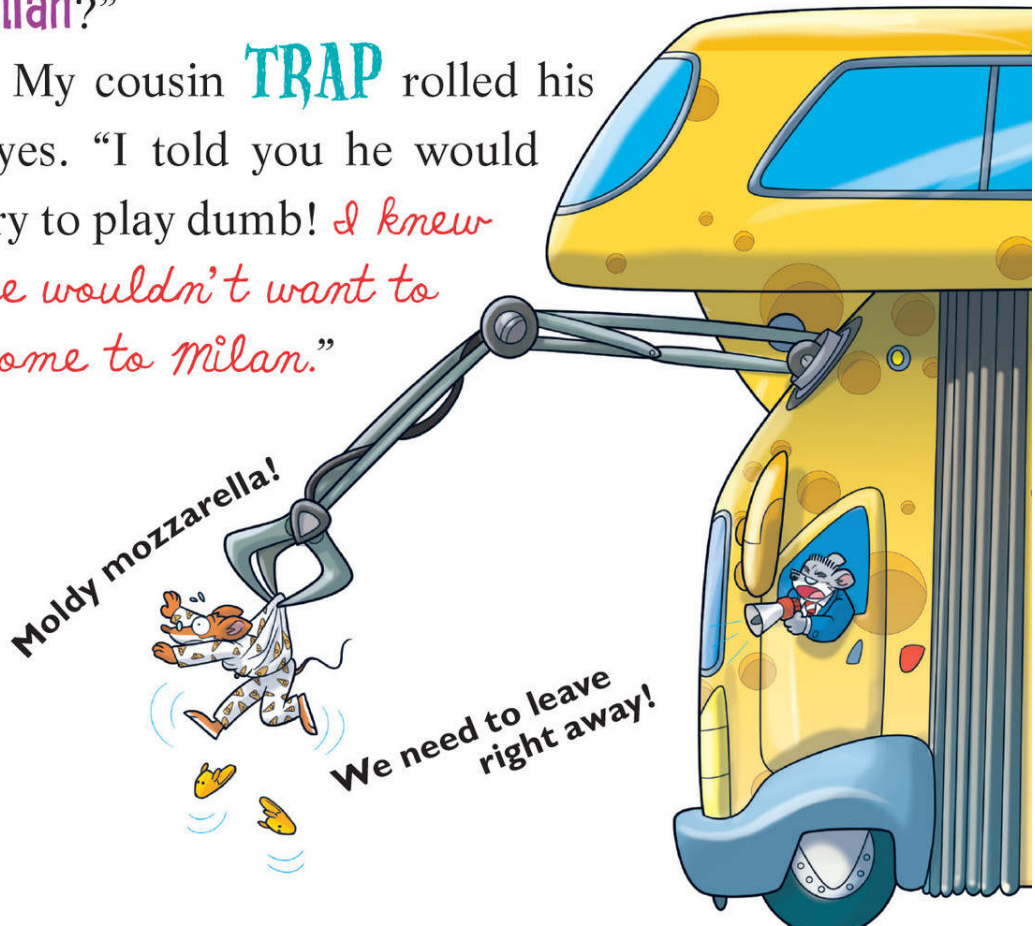
“What? **Leave?**” I stammered. “But I

can't leave—I'm in my *pajamas*!”

My sister Thea hollered, “No excuses, Geronimo! I brought you some clothes. Anything else you need, you can buy in **Milan**!”

“Moldy mozzarella!” I cried. “**Milan**? You mean, the city in Italy? Why would I go to **Milan**?”

My cousin **TRAP** rolled his eyes. “I told you he would try to play dumb! *I knew he wouldn't want to come to Milan.*”





My friend Hercule Poirat leaned out of one of the RV's windows. "Oh, Geronimo, don't be a **CHEDDARHEAD**! Let's go!"

Bruce Hyena added, "Get moving! **Milan** is waiting!"

"Stilton, do you want to lie around eating cheese all day, or do you want to come on a fabumouse **adventure**?"

Grandfather's friend Professor Cheesepuff asked. He had invented the Super RV with his own two paws!



Mmmm . . . eating cheese all day sounded pretty **good** to me . . .

I shook my snout. "At least tell me why I should go to **Milan** with you."

TRAP held up his paws before anyone else could squeak. "Leave

this to me!" He grinned and pushed a button.

Before I knew what was happening, a steel net surrounded me and pulled me inside the Super RV. **SQUEAK!**

Crusty cat litter! I was on my way to Milan . . . *but why?*

As soon as I was inside the Super RV, all my friends and family pulled off the steel net and ***hugged*** me.



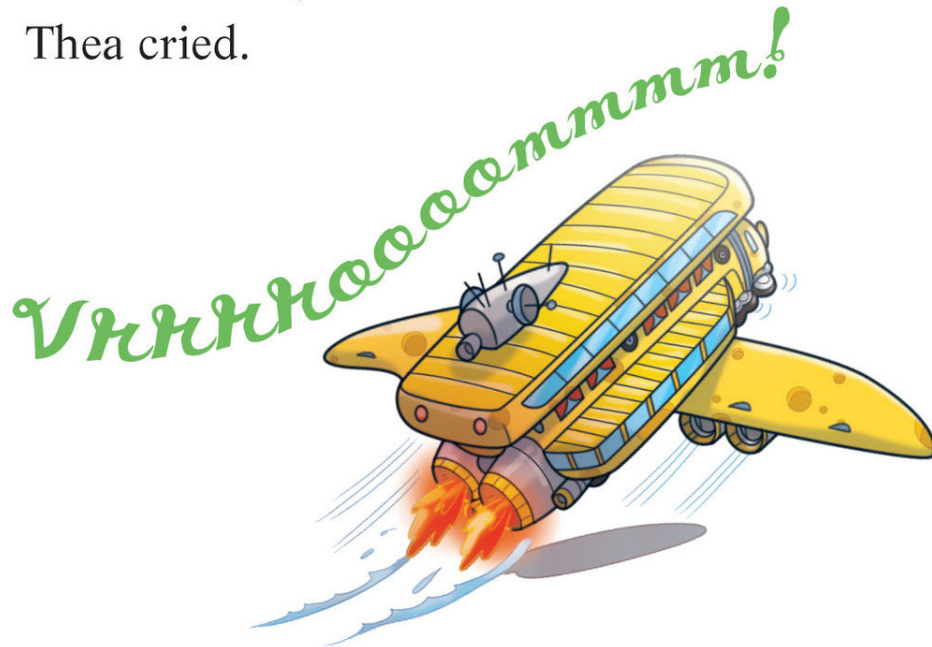
It was hard to keep my tail in a twist surrounded by so much love! I **hugged** them all back and said, “Well, thanks for inviting me . . . I mean, ***capturing*** me! Even though I have a million other things to do, I guess I’ll come with you to **Milan!**”

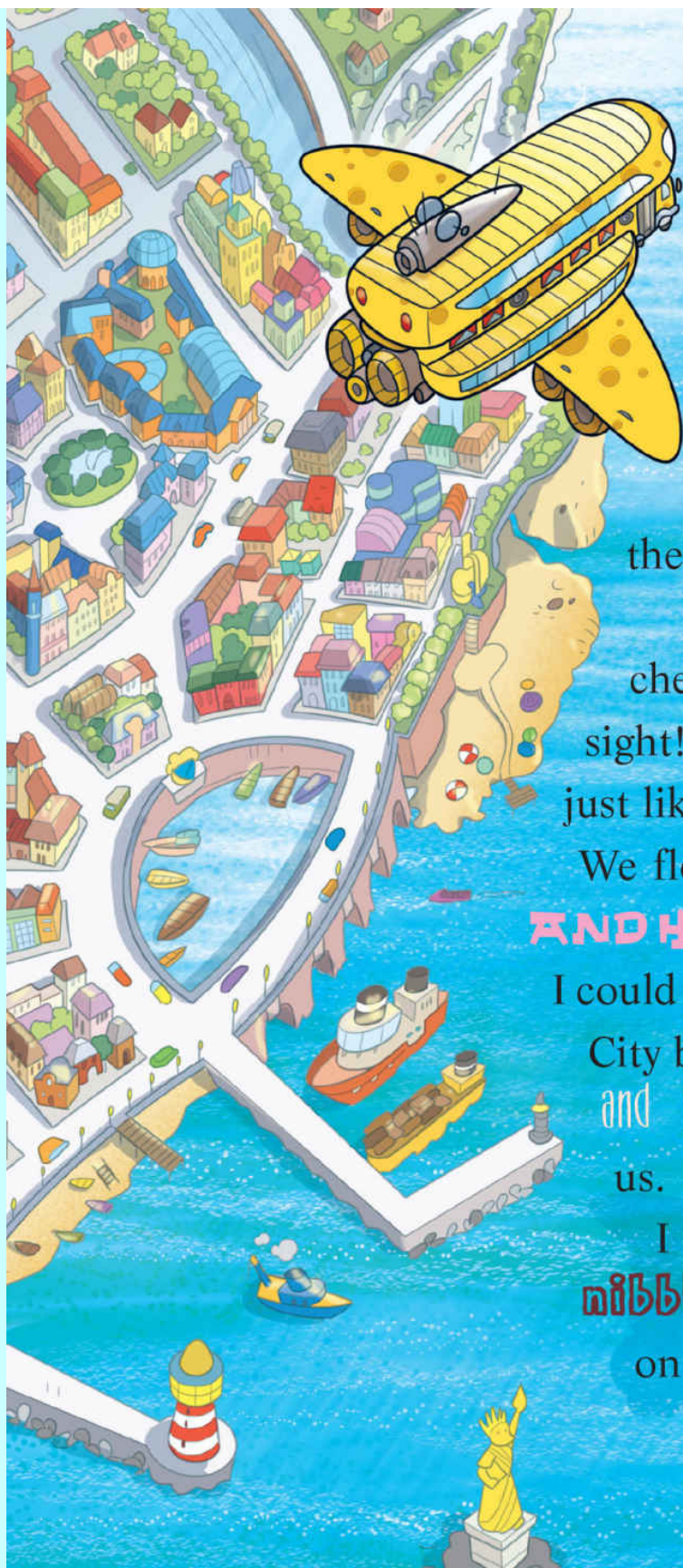




I had barely managed to buckle my seat belt when the Super RV's engine **ROARED** noisily.

Thea cried.



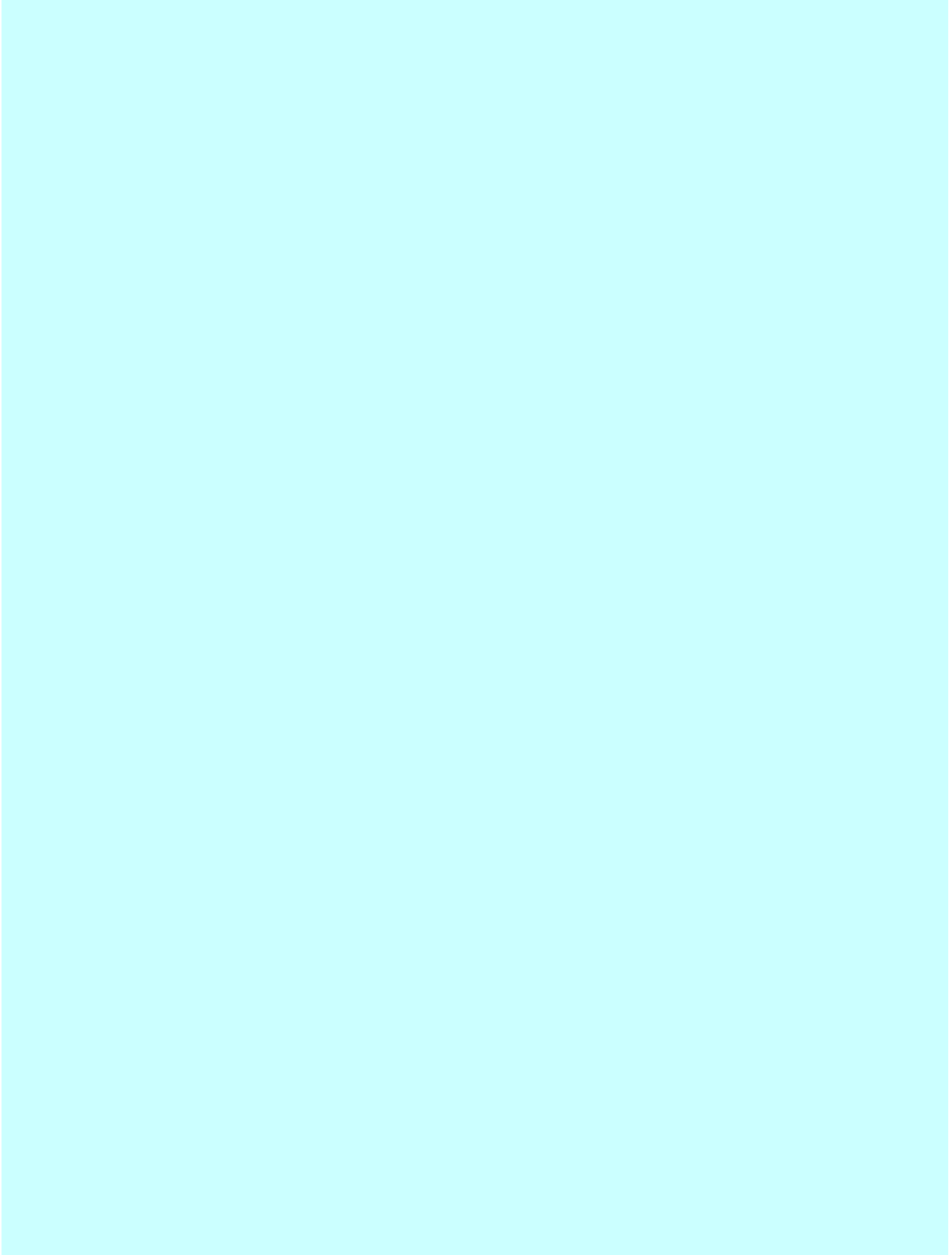


Two large
wings popped
out of the
sides of
the **SUPER RV**.

Chattering
cheddar, what a
sight! We took off
just like a **PLANE**!

We flew **HIGHER**
AND HIGHER, and
I could see New Mouse
City becoming **smaller**
and **smaller** beneath
us.

I couldn't help
nibbling nervously
on my pawnails.





“Excuse me, Professor Cheesepuff?
Are you absolutely sure that it’s not
dangerous to fly in the Super
RV?”

Professor Cheesepuff
frowned. **OOPS**, had
I offended him? “Stilton,
are you trying to say that
the Super RV **isn’t safe**?”

Are you trying
to say that it
isn’t safe?



Just then, Trap grabbed my paw. “Oh,
Geronimo, look how that wing is **SHAKING**!
And look there, a **BOLT** has fallen off!
Holey cheese balls, **I may have forgotten
to fill the tank with gas!**” He yelled,
“**HEEEEEEELP!** We’re fallllliinnngggggg!
Geronimo, have you written your will?
Remember to leave me your **cheese rind**
collection from the seventeen hundreds!”

Rat-munching rattlesnakes!



“Heeeellppppp!”

I squeaked at the top of my lungs.

But then I realized that Trap was **SNICKERING** and winking at Thea. My sister turned around and **shook** her snout. “Oh, Geronimo, it was just a *joke...*”



It was just a joke!



I turned **red** from the ends of my ears to the tip of my tail! I should have known!

Professor Cheesepuff stared sharply at me over his **GLASSES**. “Stilton, have you at least studied up on Milan? When was the



city founded? How **big** is it? How many rodents live there?”

“Well, actually, I didn’t study at all! I didn’t know that we would be going to Milan until **sunrise**.”

The professor **rolled his eyes**. “Well, Stilton, you failed your first test of the trip. Get it together, cheesebrain!”

Then he quizzed **Benjamin** and **BUGSY**, who answered every question in unison.

Professor Cheesepuff nodded, satisfied. “**FABUMOUSE**—unlike that uncle of yours! I give you both a hundred percent!”

Then he pressed a button, and the Super **RV**’s screen began to play a **3-D film** about the history of Milan.



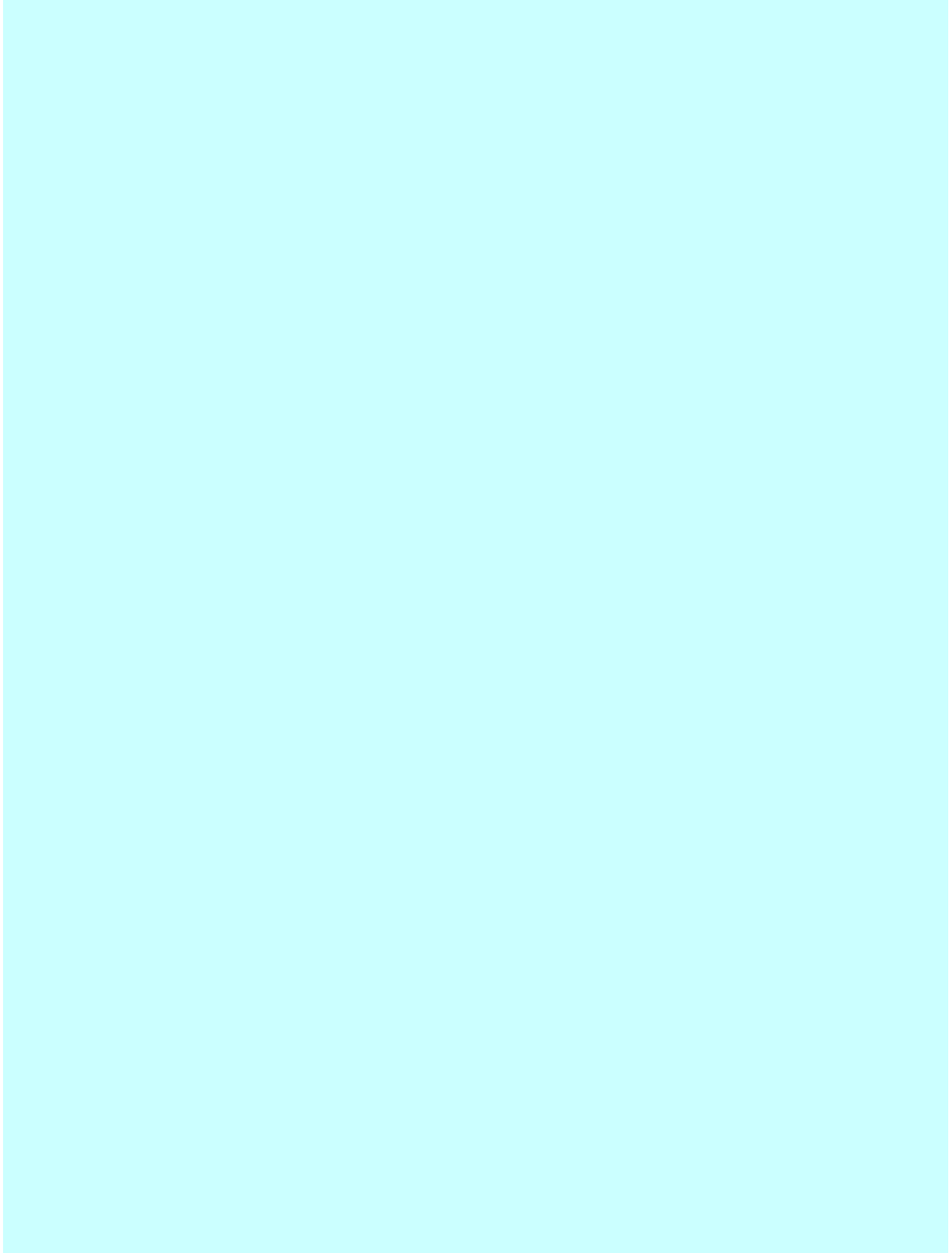
ORIGINS OF THE CITY'S NAME

According to legend, the name “Milan” is derived from the Latin phrase *In Medio Lanae*, which means “half covered in wool,” like the boar sow carved on an ancient stone that was found in Milan long ago. But there are other theories behind the name! For instance, the ancient Latin name *Mediolanum* means “Middle Land,” and could refer to the city’s geographical location.

THE HISTORY OF MILAN

Milan was one of the capitals of the Western Roman Empire. In the Middle Ages it was a Commune, then a city-state under the Visconti and Sforza families. Milan was later governed by France, Spain, and Austria at different times, and then played a significant role in the period leading up to *Risorgimento* — Italy’s unification. Since 1861, it has been part of Italy.







MILAN TODAY

Today, you can find almost anything in Milan — skyscrapers that tower above the city, ancient palaces with secret courtyards, museums, libraries, beautiful gardens and parks . . . and really fabumouse pastry shops!



MILANESE CUISINE

Milan's traditional dishes include yellow saffron risotto, Milanese veal cutlets, *cassoeula* (a stew made with cabbage and pork), *mondeghili* (meatballs), and the legendary *panettone* (Christmas cake)!





WELCOME TO MILAN!

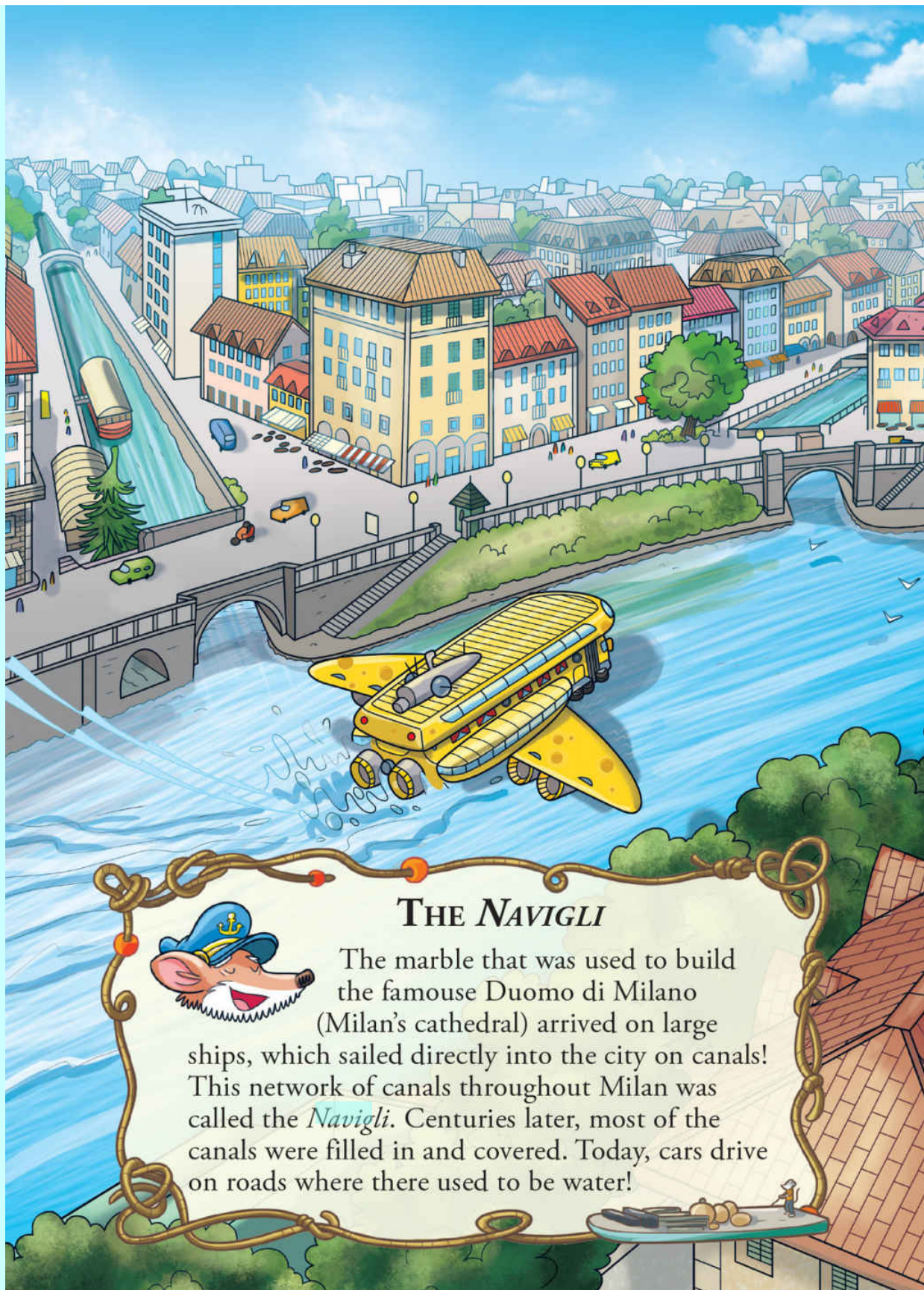
After hours and hours of flying, we finally arrived in **Milan**. I could see a long canal below us.

“**HANG ON TO YOUR WHISKERS**—we’re about to land!” Thea called.

The **Super RV** slowly descended and landed on the water.

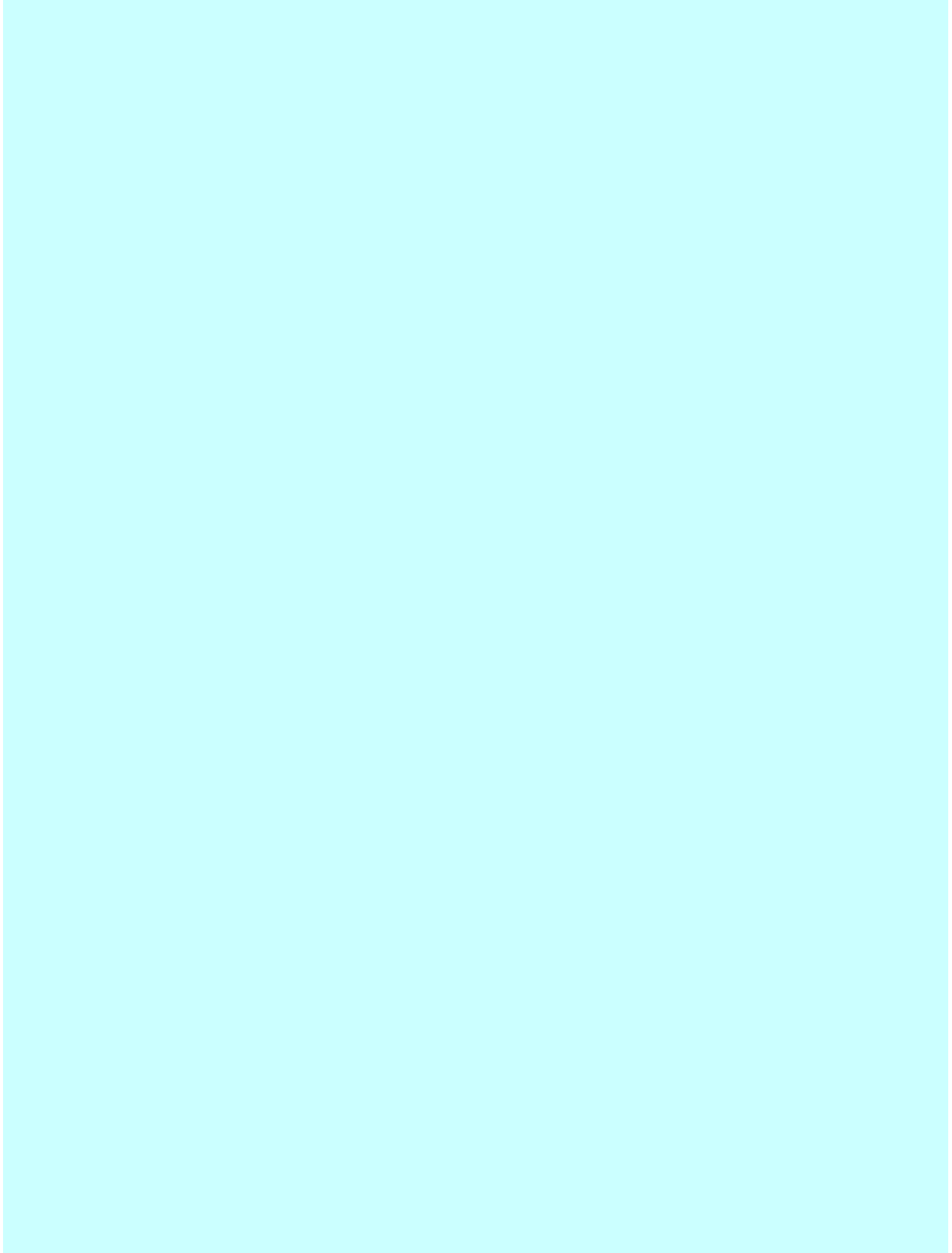
Splash! Splash! Splash!
Splash! Splash!

Then Thea pressed another button. Wheels popped out of the Super RV, and we suddenly rolled up onto the street. Cheesy cream puffs, this vehicle was full of **surprises!**



THE NAVIGLI

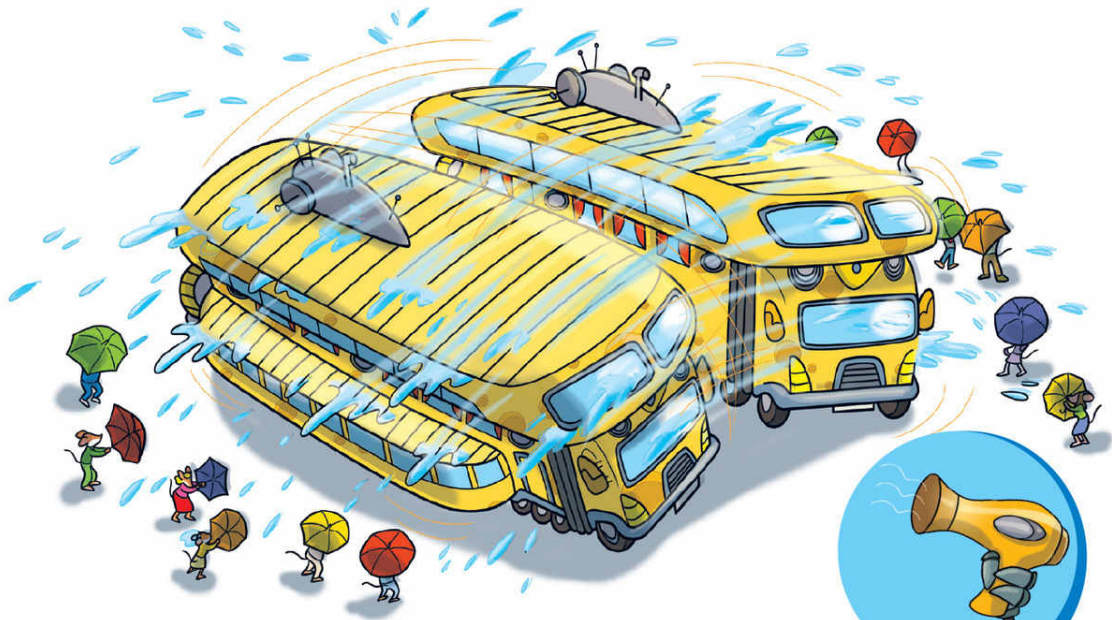
The marble that was used to build the famous Duomo di Milano (Milan's cathedral) arrived on large ships, which sailed directly into the city on canals! This network of canals throughout Milan was called the *Navigli*. Centuries later, most of the canals were filled in and covered. Today, cars drive on roads where there used to be water!



WELCOME TO  MILAN!

As we rolled along the street, the Super
RV shook like a **wet** dog:

Brrrrzzzzzzoooooottttt!



Then it let out a bunch
of **hot air** to dry
itself off:

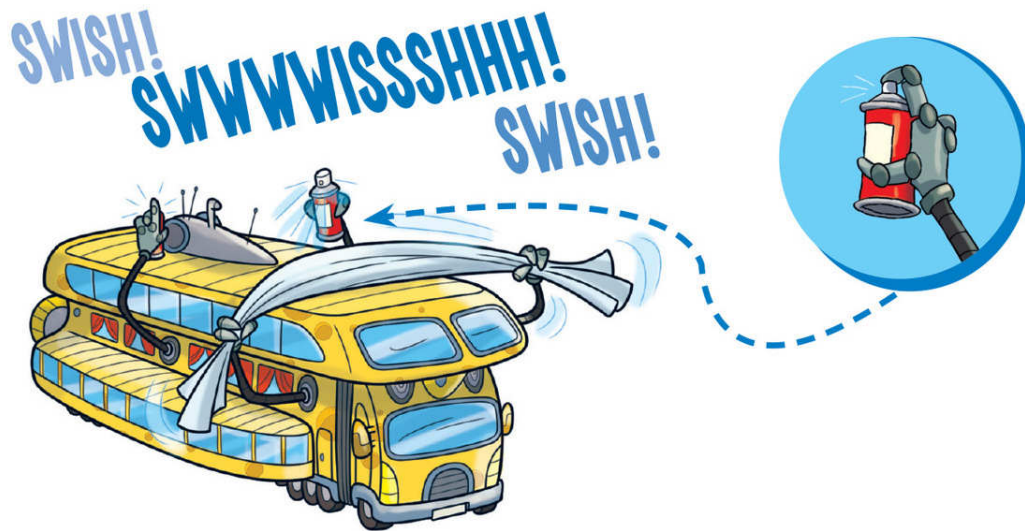
WHOOOOOOSH!

WHOOOOOOSH!

WHOOOOOOSH!



Next, some **M E C H A N I C A L** hands began to frantically polish the Super RV with rags and **wax**.



Finally, we continued along roads **PACKED** with cars, until we arrived in the heart of Milan. Holey cheese, I could hardly contain my squeaks of excitement!

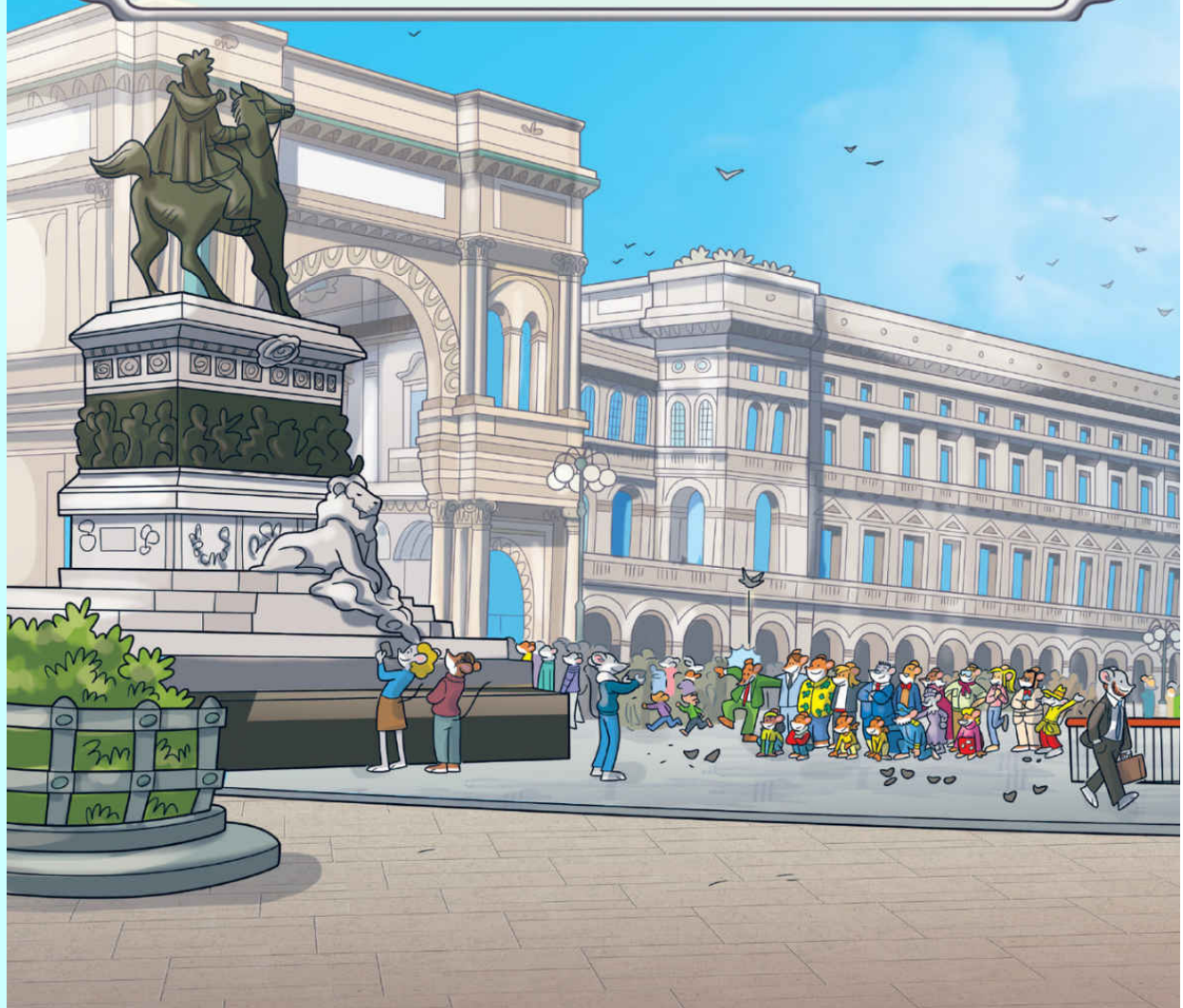
Sticking my snout out the window, I could see pink marble **towers** and a golden statue sparkling in the sun.

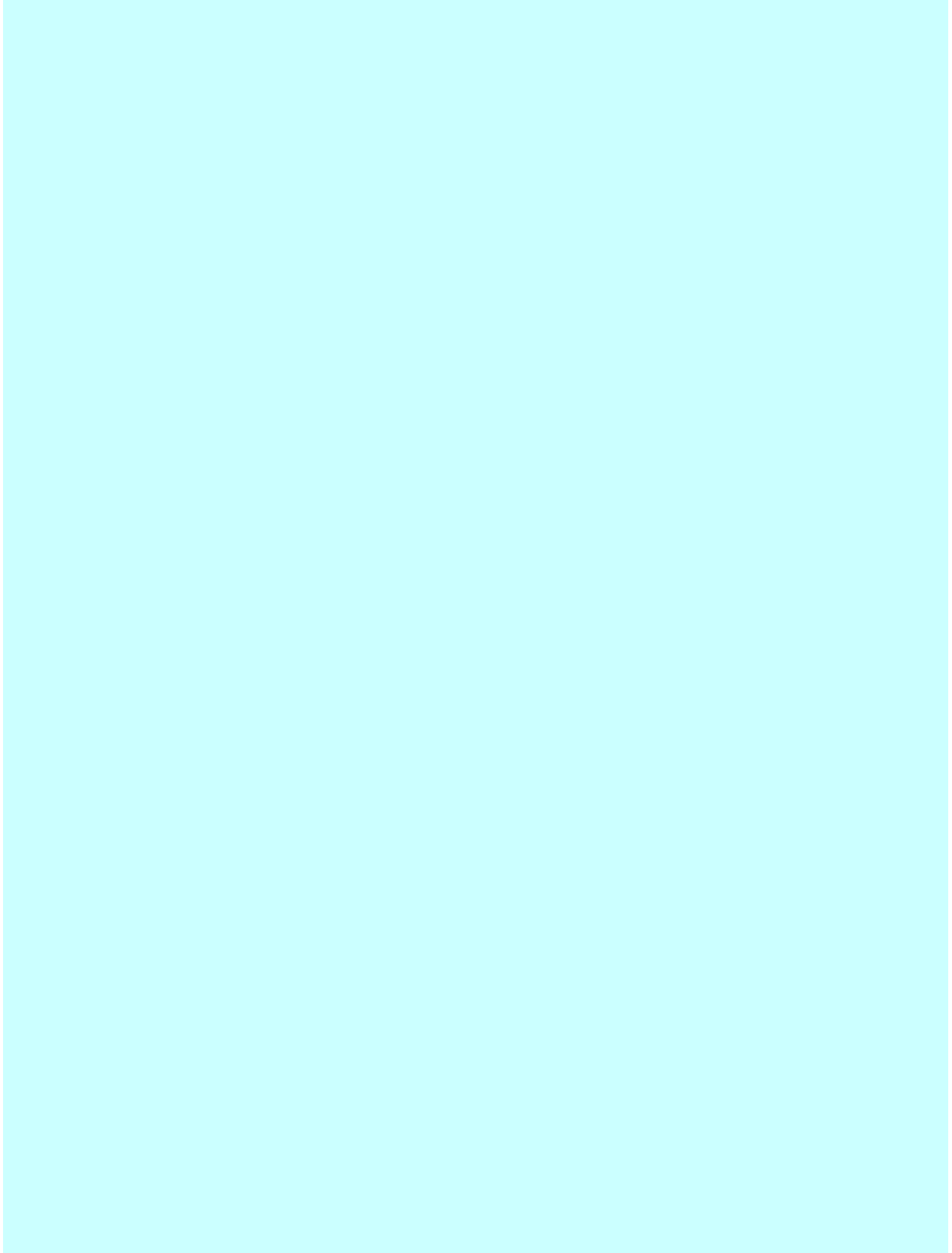
*It was the **Duomo di Milano** – the famouse Milan Cathedral!*

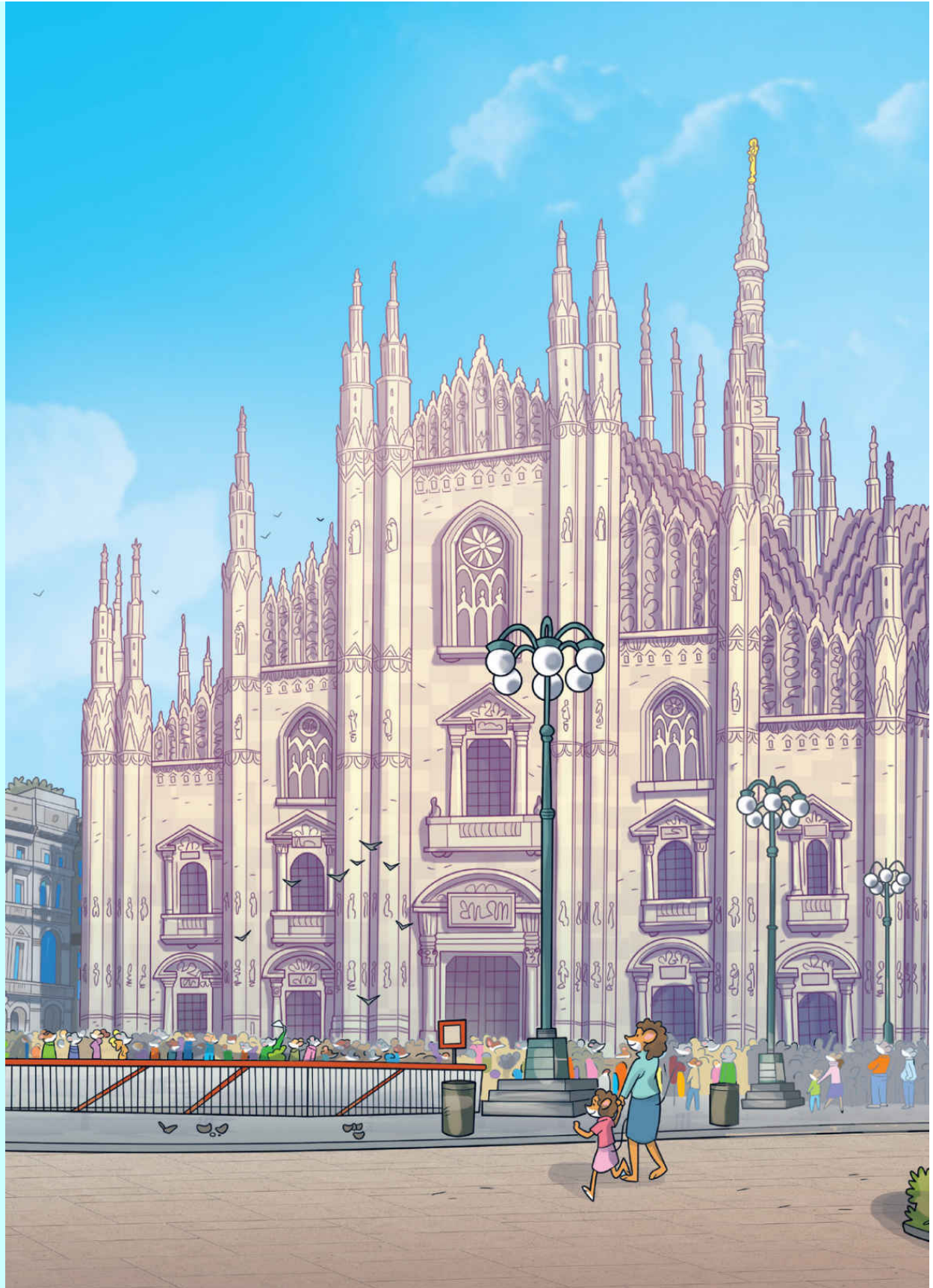


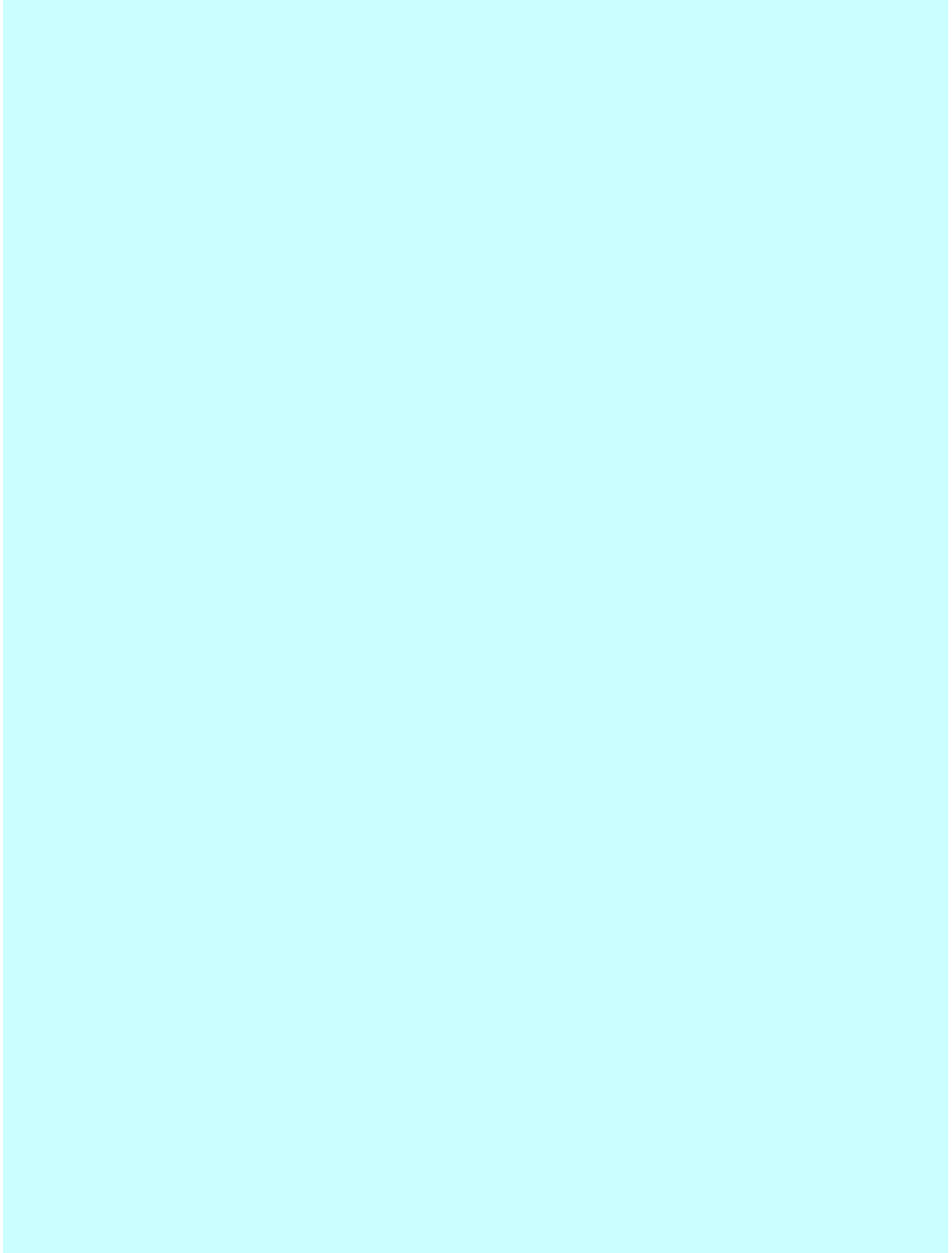
THE MILAN CATHEDRAL (DUOMO DI MILANO)

This marvemouse cathedral took centuries to complete — and it's being restored to this day! As a result, the people of Milan have been known to use the expression "It's like building the cathedral" to describe a job that seems endless. The Duomo is home to 3,400 statues. More than half of the statues are outside, and many can be seen from the cathedral's roof. The view from the top of the Duomo is truly fabumouse!





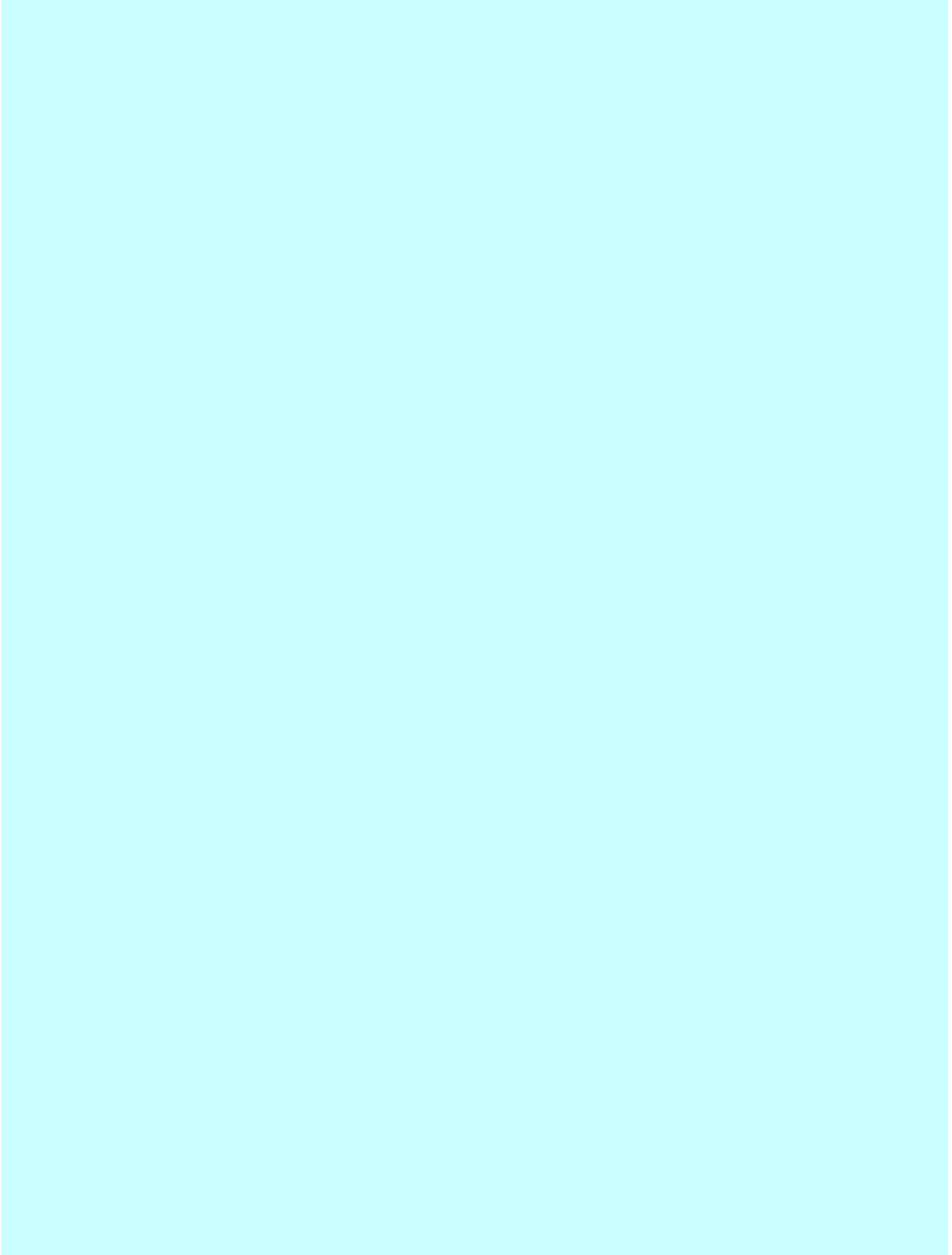




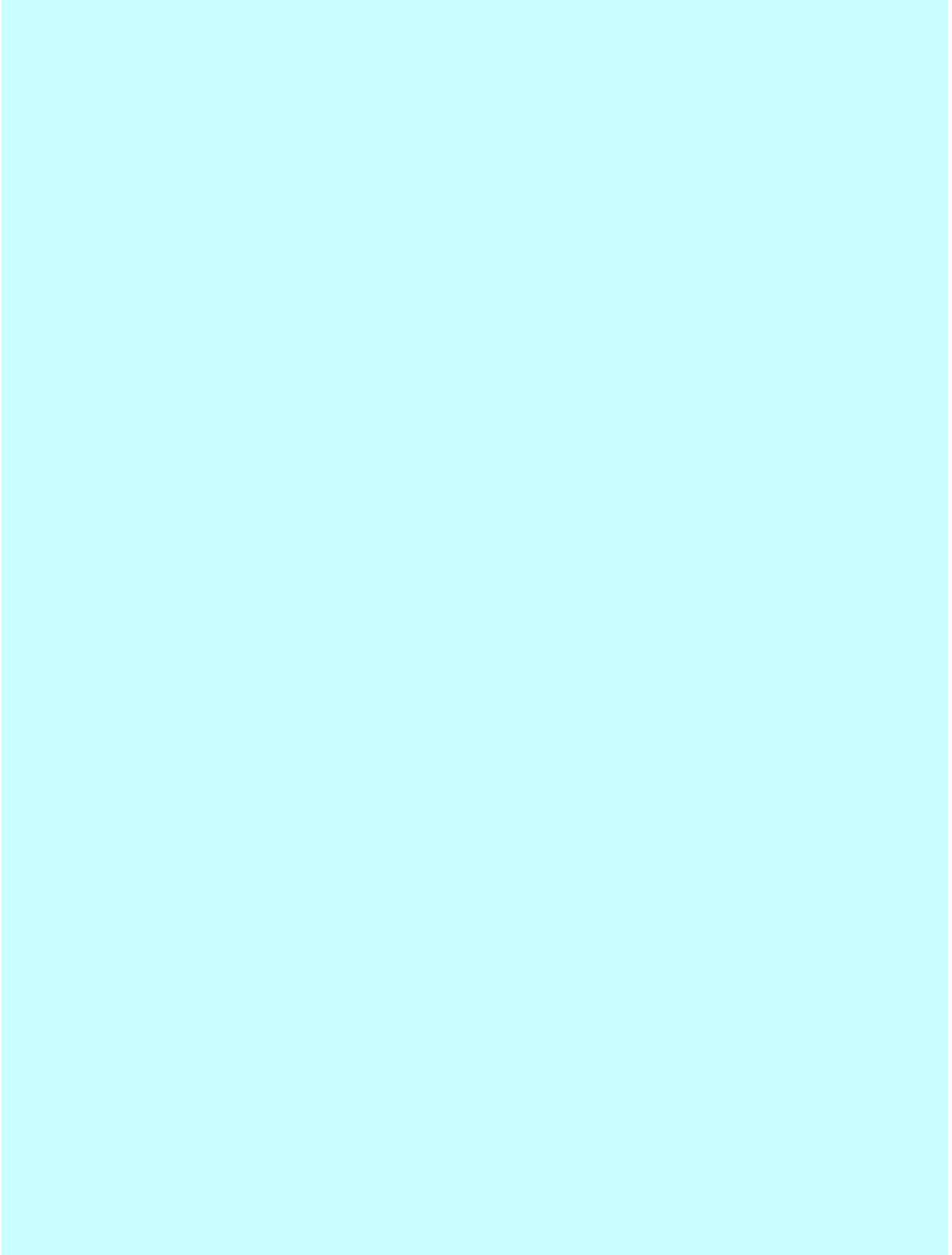
INSIDE THE CATHEDRAL

Inside, an ancient stone displays the year that construction began: 1386, when Gian Galeazzo Visconti rose to power in Milan. The elegant flooring is made up of beautiful marble, and the many stained glass windows depict sacred scenes. Fifty-two tall pillars inside (one for every week of the year) separate five grand main meeting areas called *naves*.











WHAT A HIKE!

As we walked out of the **DUOMO**, Grandfather William held up his **megaphone** and thundered, “**LISTEN UP**, crew, it’s time to get moving—we’re climbing to the top of the **cathedral!**”

Cheese and crackers, that sounded like a lot of work! “Does someone want to explain why we came to **Milan?**” I squeaked. “And why do we have to climb the cathedral?”

You’re not thinking
of spending money,
are you?



Grandfather’s only response was, “Quit squeaking and climb, Grandson! You’ll **FIND OUT** when we’re at the top!”

With a shrug, I headed toward the **elevator**, but my uncle Samuel Stingysnout grabbed

me by the **jacket**. “What are you doing, Geronimo? You’re not thinking of spending money, are

We will walk!



you? **No elevator!**

The ticket costs less if you take the stairs!”

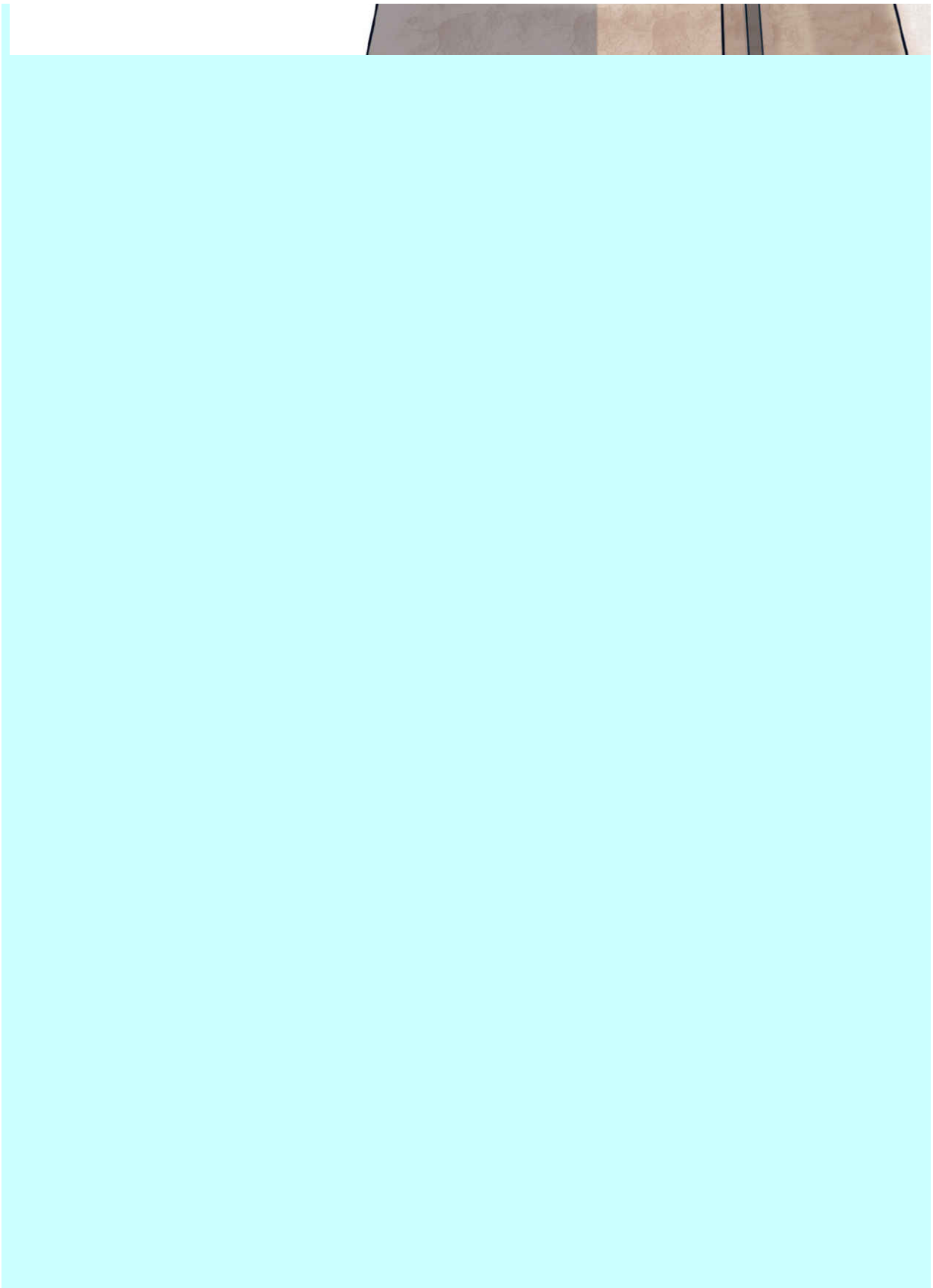
Bruce Hyena jumped in. “Come on, you big ball of cheese mush, the climb to the top is nothing!”

I began to **climb** . . . and **climb** . . . and **climb** . . . more than two hundred steps!



THE CATHEDRAL CLIMB

The terraces of the Duomo look out over the cathedral’s adornments, flying buttresses, and carved figures. From there, visitors have a fabumouse view of the entire city!





Holey cheese, even my tail was tired!

But when I reached the top, my complaints **VANISHED** like a cheese platter at a rat's birthday party. What a **marvemouse** sight!

As we **admired** the city from above, I asked again, "Now can someone explain why we came to **Milan**?"

Behind me, a voice squeaked up politely. "You must be Geronimo Stilton! **I can explain everything . . .**"

I turned and saw a young rodent with a kind expression on his snout.

Thea hugged him. "**Hi, Scooter! It's fabumouse to see you!**"

The mouse hugged Thea, then shook my paw politely. "Welcome to Milan! I'm **SCOOTER BOOKWORM**. Today, I'm going to show you a precious treasure

WHAT A

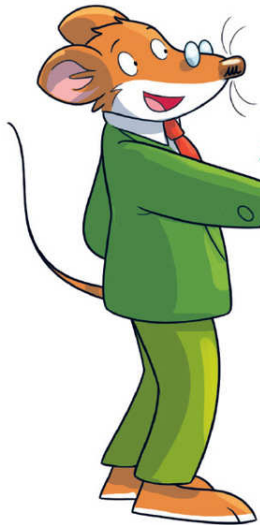


HIKE!

that no other rodent has ever seen before. And tomorrow, I'll be presenting it to press from all over the **world!**"

Grandfather William pinched my ear. "This will be a **MOUSETASTIC SCOOP** for *The Rodent's Gazette*. Now do you **UNDERSTAND** why we've come to Milan, Grandson? Or do I have to spell everything out for you?"

Nice to meet you!



Welcome to Milan!



SCOOTER BOOKWORM

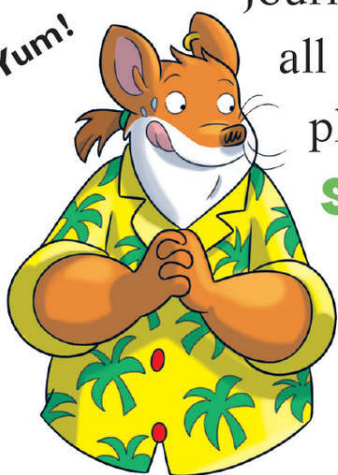
Even though he's very young, Scooter Bookworm is already a **history professor, specializing in the history of Milan!** He loves books, especially antique ones, and he has an enormous collection of them. He's also a huge fan of motorcycles, just like Thea — that's why they've been friends for such a long time!



PANETTONE FOR EVERYONE!

SCOOTER led us to the entrance of the Royal Palace, which was right next to the Duomo. **EYES** sparkling with excitement, he announced, “Tomorrow morning at ten o’clock sharp, **The History of Milan** exhibit is set to open.

Yum!

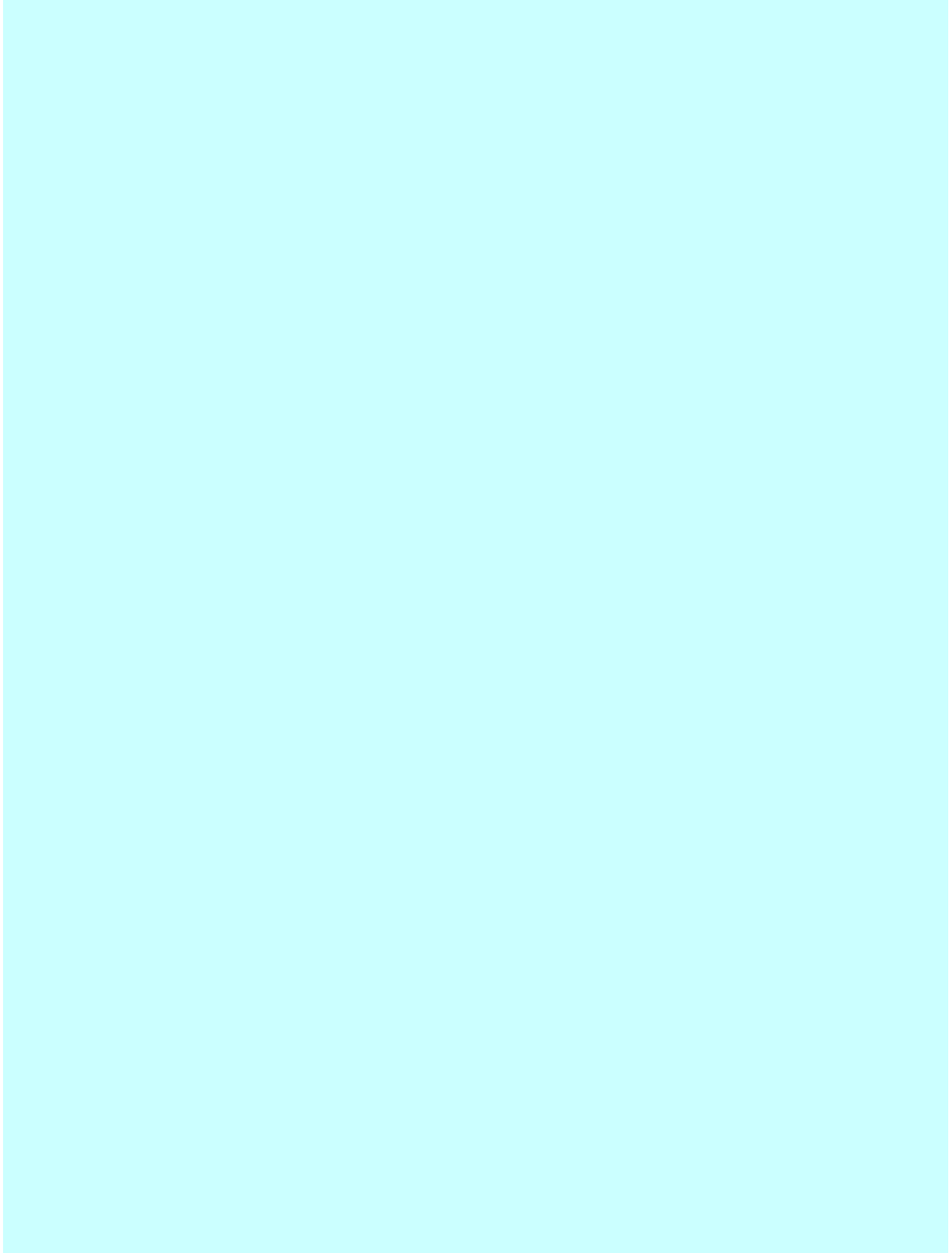
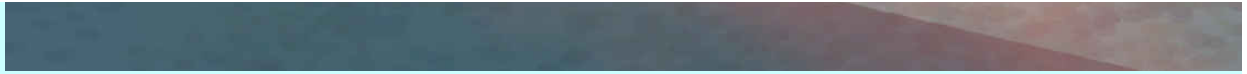


Journalists and television crews from all over the world will be here! I’m planning to present an ancient **scroll** that shows the original secret recipe for **panettone**, the Christmas cake that has become Milan’s most famous dessert. Plus, we’ll have **free** samples of panettone for everyone!”



THE ROYAL PALACE

The palace was the seat of city government in Milan beginning in the Middle Ages. In the 18th century, an architect named Giuseppe Piermarini transformed the palace into a court, with a magnificent central staircase and a theater, among many other rooms. The neoclassical-style building is now home to painting and sculpture exhibitions.





Trap licked his whiskers. “Free samples?
Yum!”

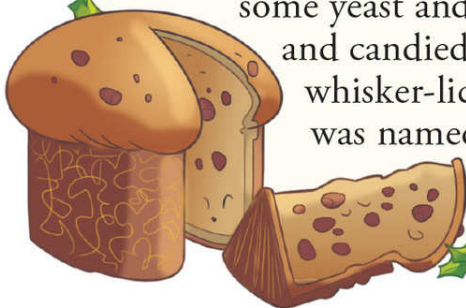
Scooter smiled. “Follow me—I’ll give you
a sneak peek at the **secret** recipe!”

But as soon as he entered the palace’s
famous Hall of Caryatids, Scooter’s fur
turned as **WHITE** as mozzarella, and he
squeaked in disbelief. “Slimy Swiss balls,
someone **STOLE** the scroll with the
original panettone recipe!”

Holey cheese, what a disaster!

THE HISTORY OF PANETTONE

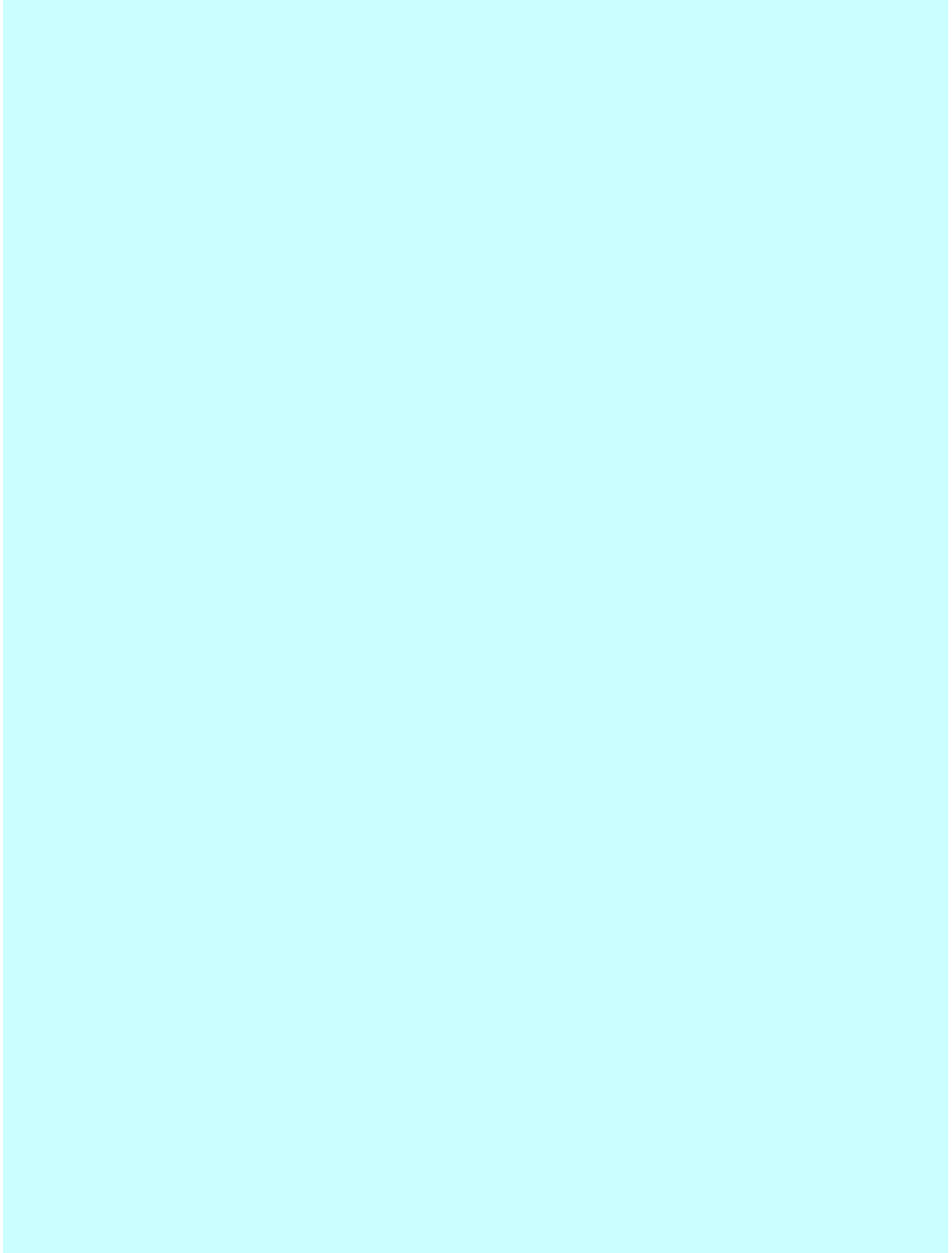
In the 15th century, one of Milanese Duke Ludovico Sforza’s cooks accidentally burned a dessert in the oven! He needed to come up with a replacement fast, so he took some yeast and added sugar, eggs, flour, raisins, and candied fruit. The improvised dessert was whisker-licking good! The chef who invented it was named Antonio. His dessert became known as “Toni’s bread,” or “*pan de Toni/panettone*” in Italian.



THE HALL OF CARYATIDS

The caryatids that give this room its name are sculpted figures that have served as columns in this part of the Royal Palace since the 1700s. During World War II, the palace was bombed, and the room was largely destroyed. While the room was restored, the ceiling and floor were not decorated as grandly as the originals, in testimony to the tragedy of war.



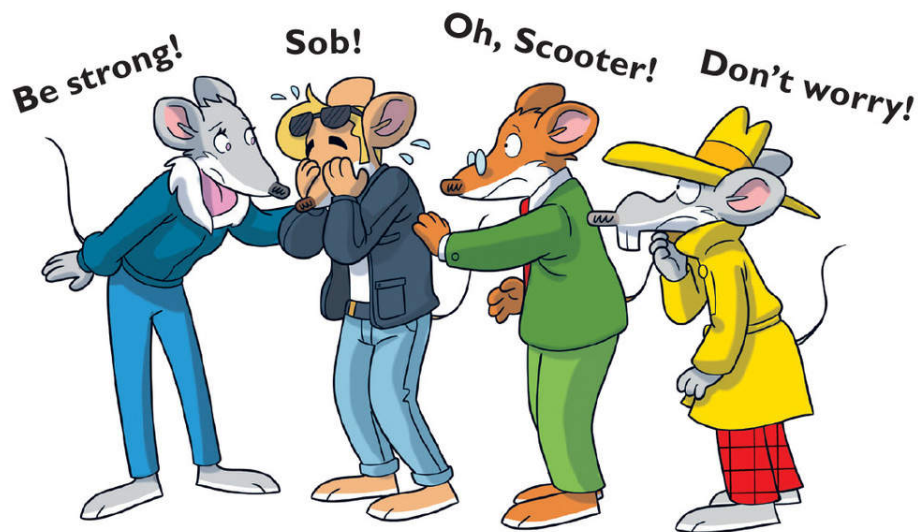




WHO WANTS TO FRAME GERONIMO?

Poor Scooter wiped the tears from his snout. “Some rat stole the secret recipe! That scroll was priceless to me and to the city of Milan! It was the only *unique, original, inimitable, super-old, extremely precious* scroll that the recipe for **panettone** had been written on for the very first time!”

Thea hugged him. “Don’t worry, Scooter,





we're here for you! We've solved cases as **hard** as aged Parmesan. We'll help you!"

"Rodent's honor!" I added with a nod.

"Operation: Secret Recipe starts now."

Hercule gave Scooter a pat on the back.

"Thea's right, we're *great* at solving **mysteries**. Could we get

We'll help you!



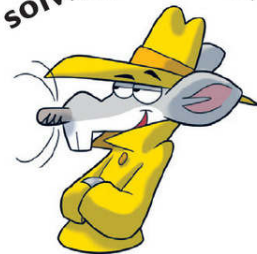
a look at the videos from those security cameras?

They might help us catch the **sneaky**

little rat who stole

the recipe — red-pawed."

We're great at solving mysteries!



As we watched the security **VIDEOS**, our jaws dropped like string cheese melting in the sun . . . **especially mine!**

Watching the videos left me completely **squeakless!**



A rodent pushed the cleaning cart . . .

And nimbly leaped over the security gate . . .

Then he stole the precious scroll!

Moldy mozzarella, the thief looked just like me!





The thief was my size, with the same color **fur**. Under his janitorial disguise, he wore a green **suit** like mine—with the same red tie! And he wore a pair of **ROUND** glasses on his snout, too.

Sound familiar?

Basically, the thief looked exactly like **ME!**

Even though I could hardly believe my eyes, I also couldn't help noticing that the thief was much more agile than me—he'd leaped right over the security **gate!**

Hercule **twisted his tail** into a knot. "I can't believe it! Someone wants to **FRAME** Geronimo Stilton! Who? How? And above all . . . **WHY?**"

Benjamin and Bugsy both tugged





at my sleeve. “Uncle Geronimo, **DID YOU SEE?** Before leaving the room, the thief threw something in the **GARBAGE!**”

I shook my snout. “***What do you mean?***”

They dragged me over to the screen, and rewound to a split second that none of us had noticed: after the heist, the thief threw his blue **uniform** in the garbage!

Hercule clapped his paws. “Well done, mouselets! That was some **fabumouse** **investigative** work!”

He scampered over to paw through the **garbage**.

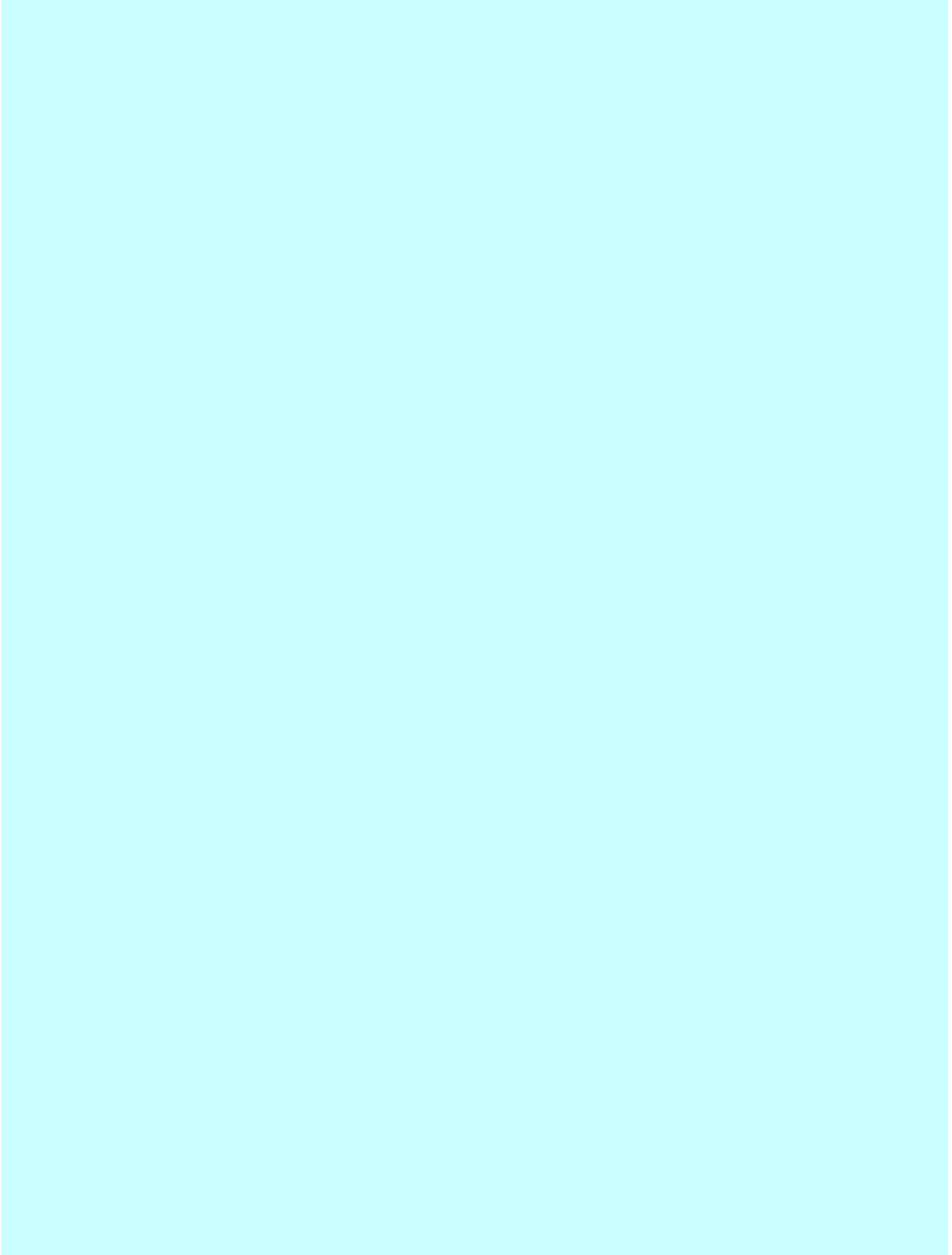
“***For all the fondue in New Mouse City,*** here’s that rotten rat’s uniform!”

Hercule squeaked. He pulled the uniform out of the trash and immediately noticed that there was a **folded** piece of paper in one of the pockets. “Ah, that miserable mouse was



What do you mean?

Look! He threw something in the garbage!





DISTRACTED and forgot something,” he said, calling the rest of us over to look.

We all gathered around the paper . . .



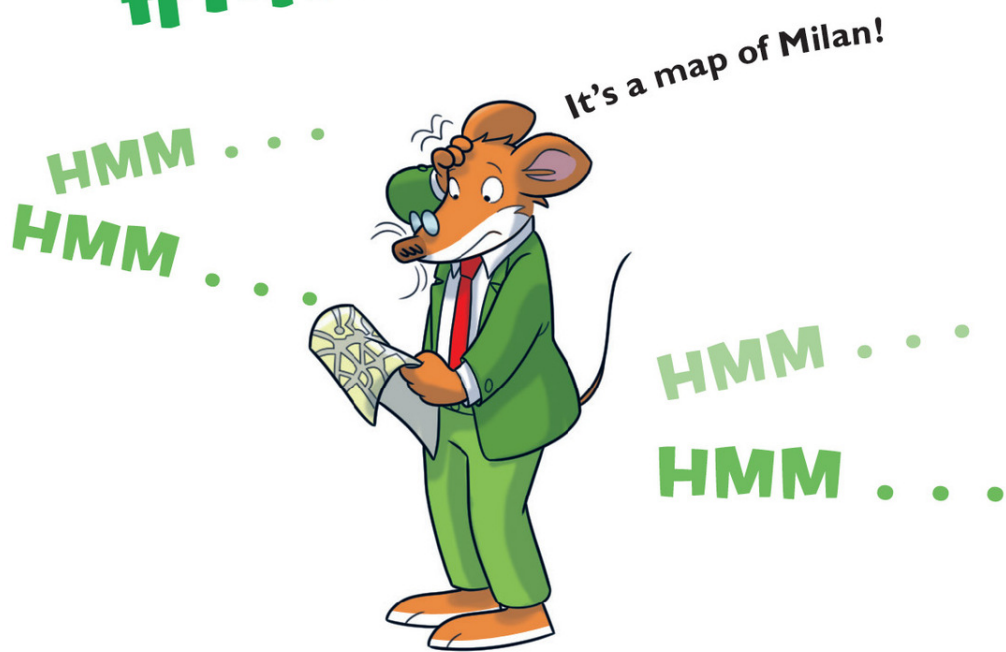
It was a **map** of Milan, and someone had marked it with big red **Xs**. Next to each **X** were mysterious numbers: **10:00;**

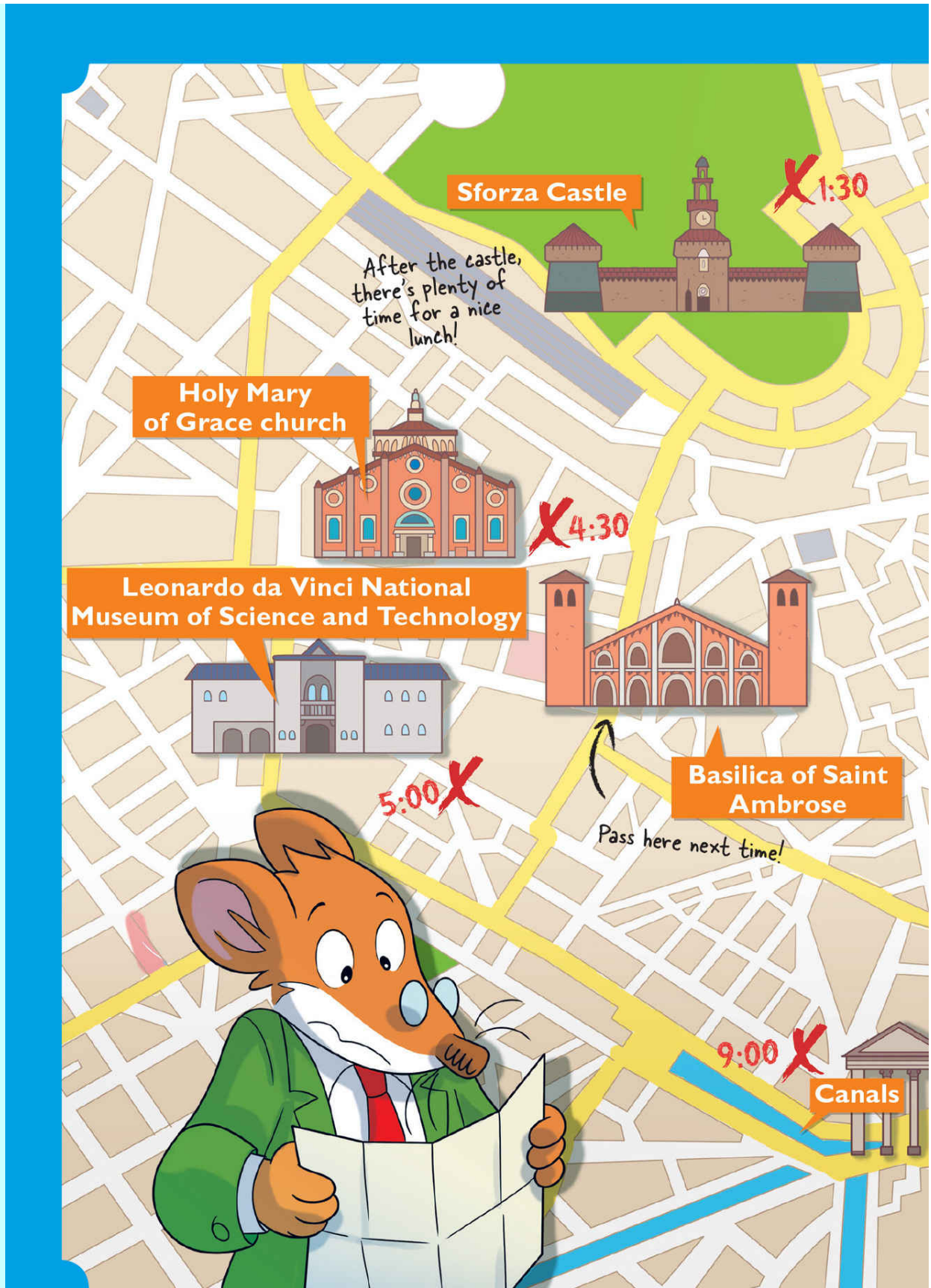


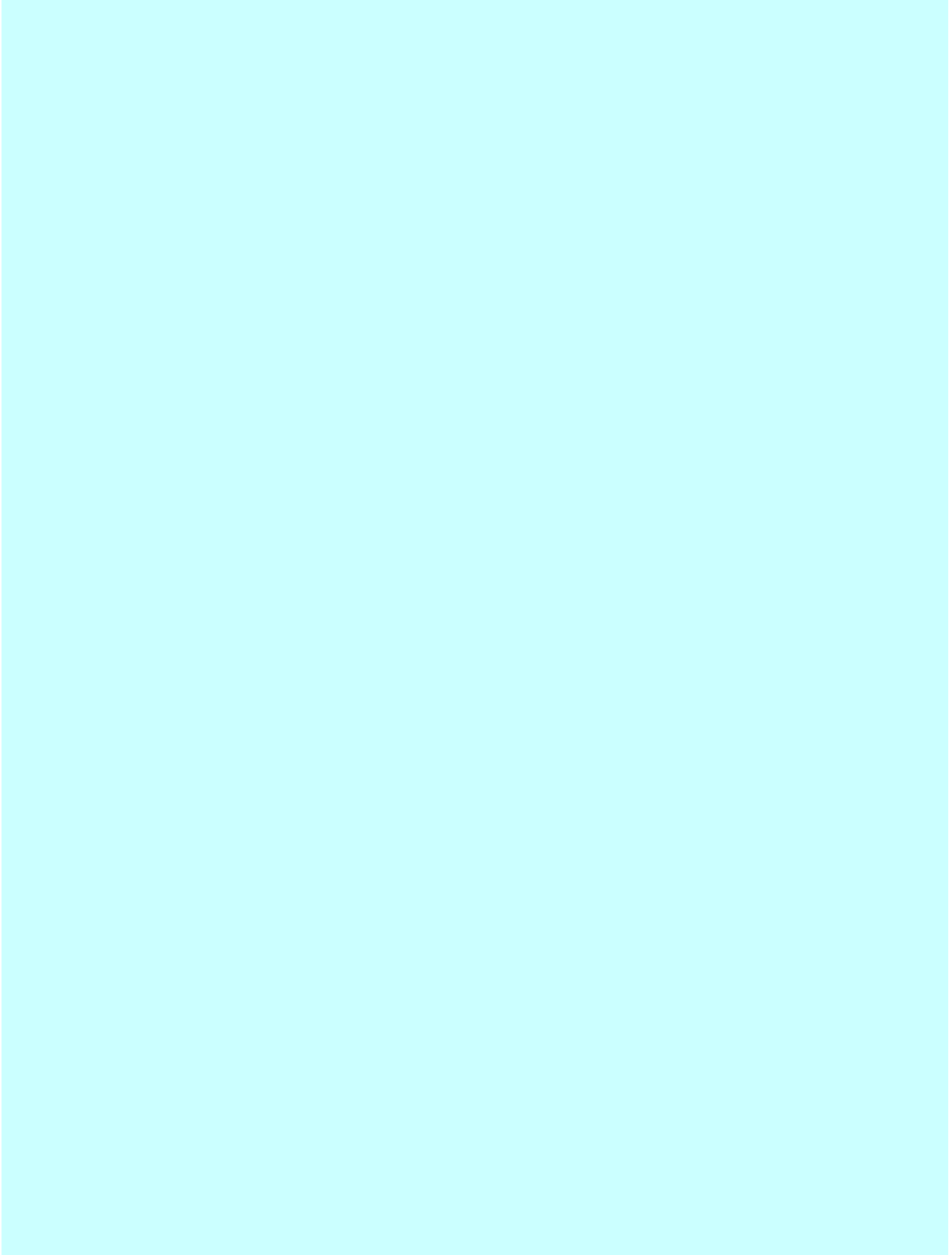
10:10; 10:20; 10:30 ...

I tugged at my whiskers. What could it mean?

HMMM . . .













THE HUNT FOR THE THIEF

I **pointed** to the red numbers written on the map. “Crusty cat litter, these mysterious **numbers** are actually **times**! Maybe the thief has appointments all over **Milan** . . . but with who?”

“**GerOnimo**, you big lump of **S M A R T Y S W I S S**!” Hercule exclaimed. “Come on, let’s catch this **thief**! The next **appointment** on the map is nearby, at the King Vittorio Emanuele Gallery at ten twenty.”

Bruce Hyena leaped to his paws. “It’s in less than five minutes—let’s hurry! The **secret recipe** waits for no mouse!”



I was about to **SCAMPER** outside, but Thea grabbed my tail.

“Hold it right there, big brother! Where do you think you’re going? If someone is trying to frame you, we can’t let you be recognized! You need a **disguise**.” She put her jacket on me.

*“Cheese and crackers, it’s a bit tight—
but it’s better than nothing!”*

Uncle Grayfur plopped his **SAILOR’S CAP** on my head, and Aunt Sweetfur wrapped my snout in her **PURPLE** shawl. Benjamin lent me a pair of his pants, which fit me almost like **shorts**.

And for the finishing touch, Petunia Pretty Paws set her pink **sunglasses** on my snout!





Now no one would recognize me . . . but I looked like a **crazy cheesebrain!**

There was no time to worry about that as we scurried out of the Royal Palace.

SCOOTER hollered, “Follow me—we can still make it!”

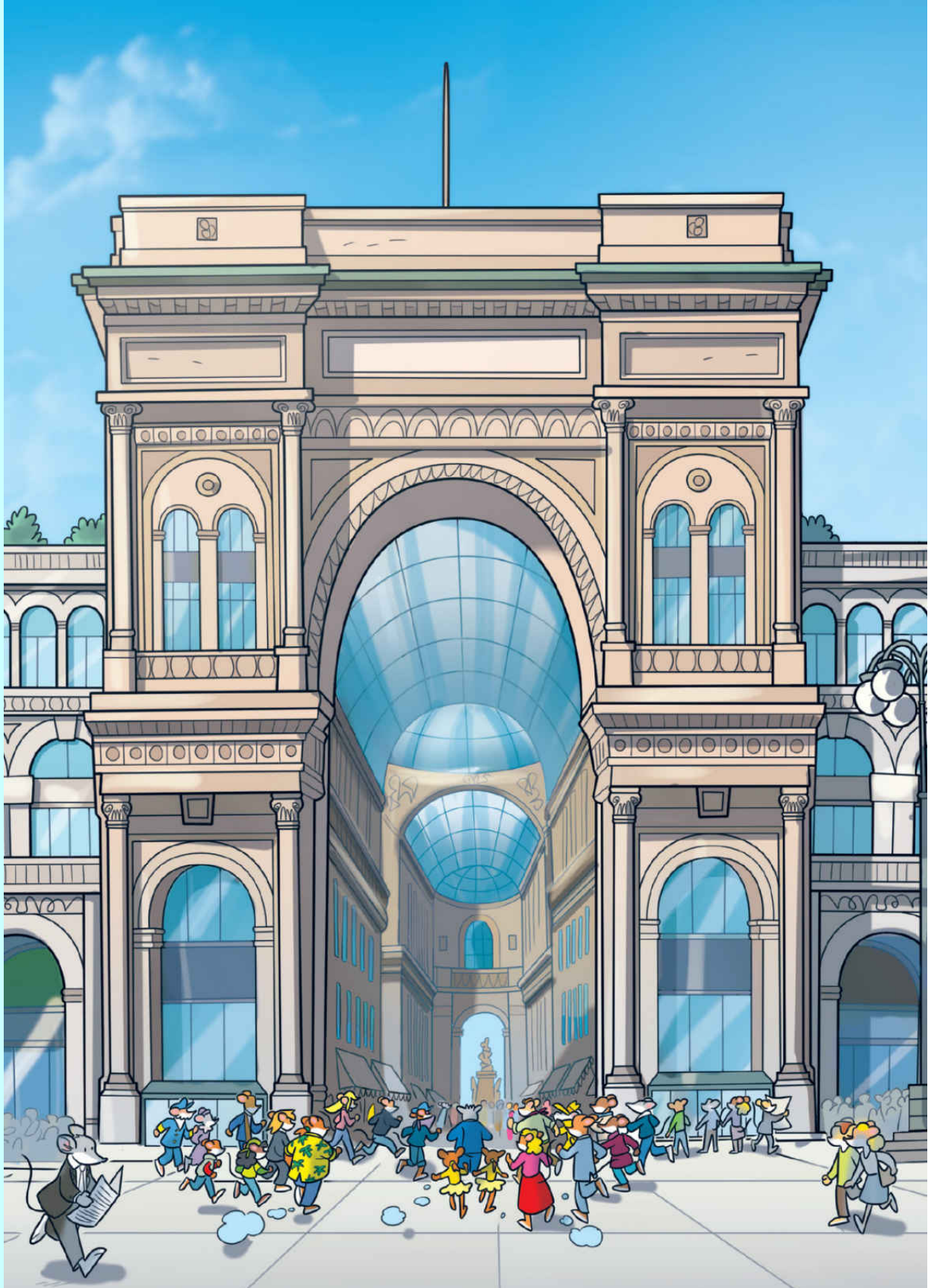
He headed toward a giant archway that led to the other side of the square. There was the Gallery: a big, beautiful shopping center!

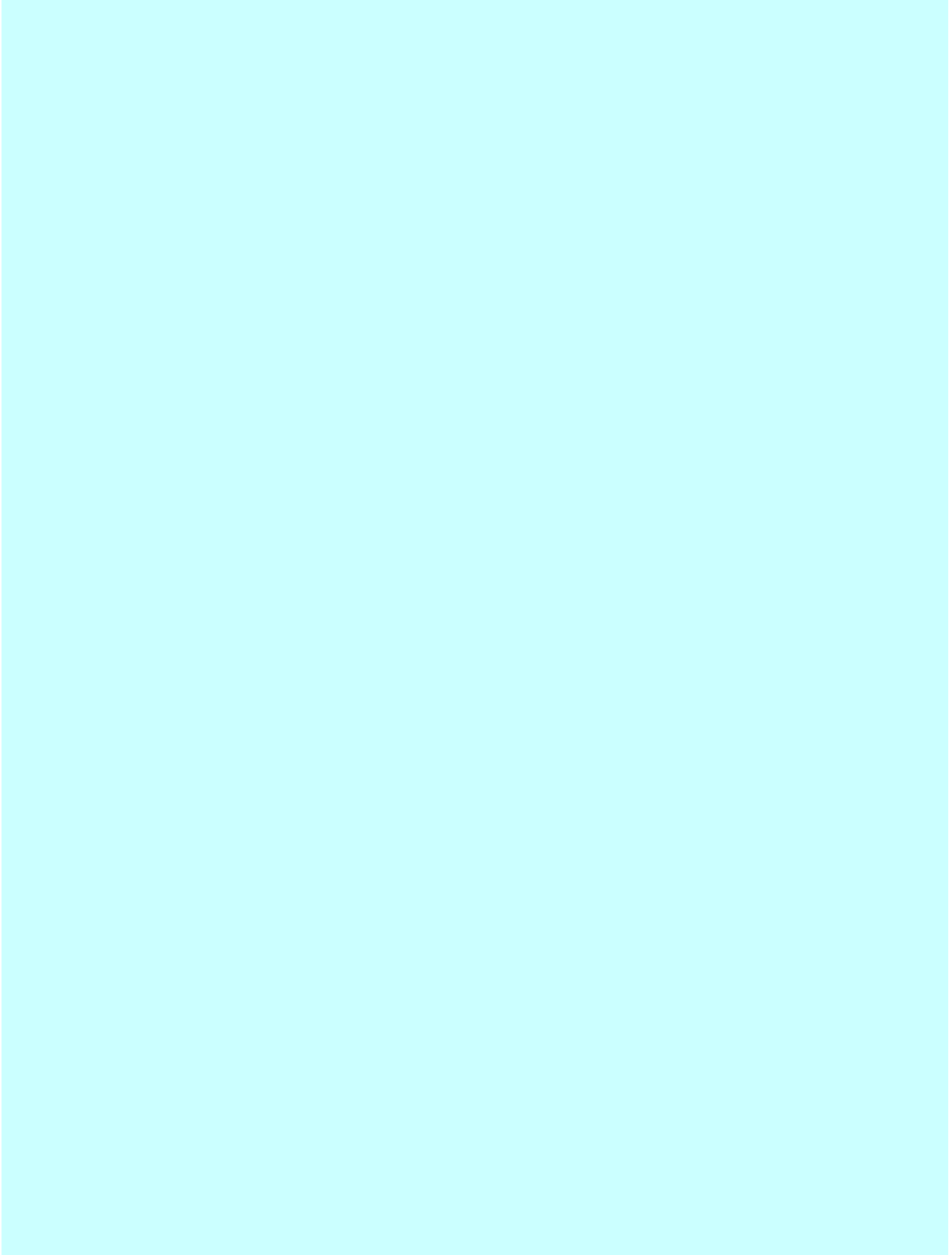
We came to a stop right in the middle of the Gallery.

Just then, I spotted a mouse that looked just like me, surrounded by a **CROWD** of admirers. He was signing **AUTOGRAPHS!**

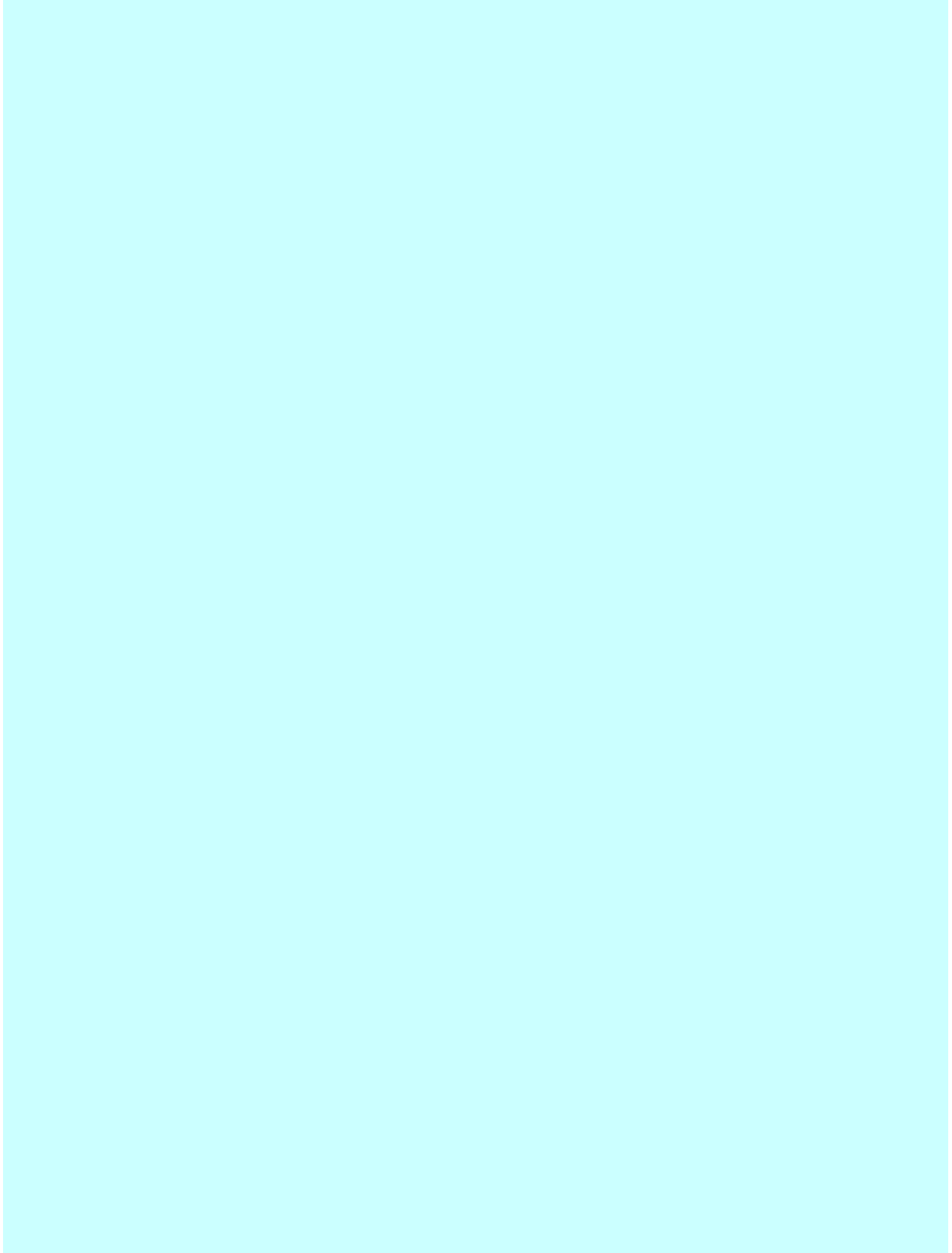
He squeaked proudly, “Yes, I wrote all of those **books**—because I am the famous Geronimo Stilton!”

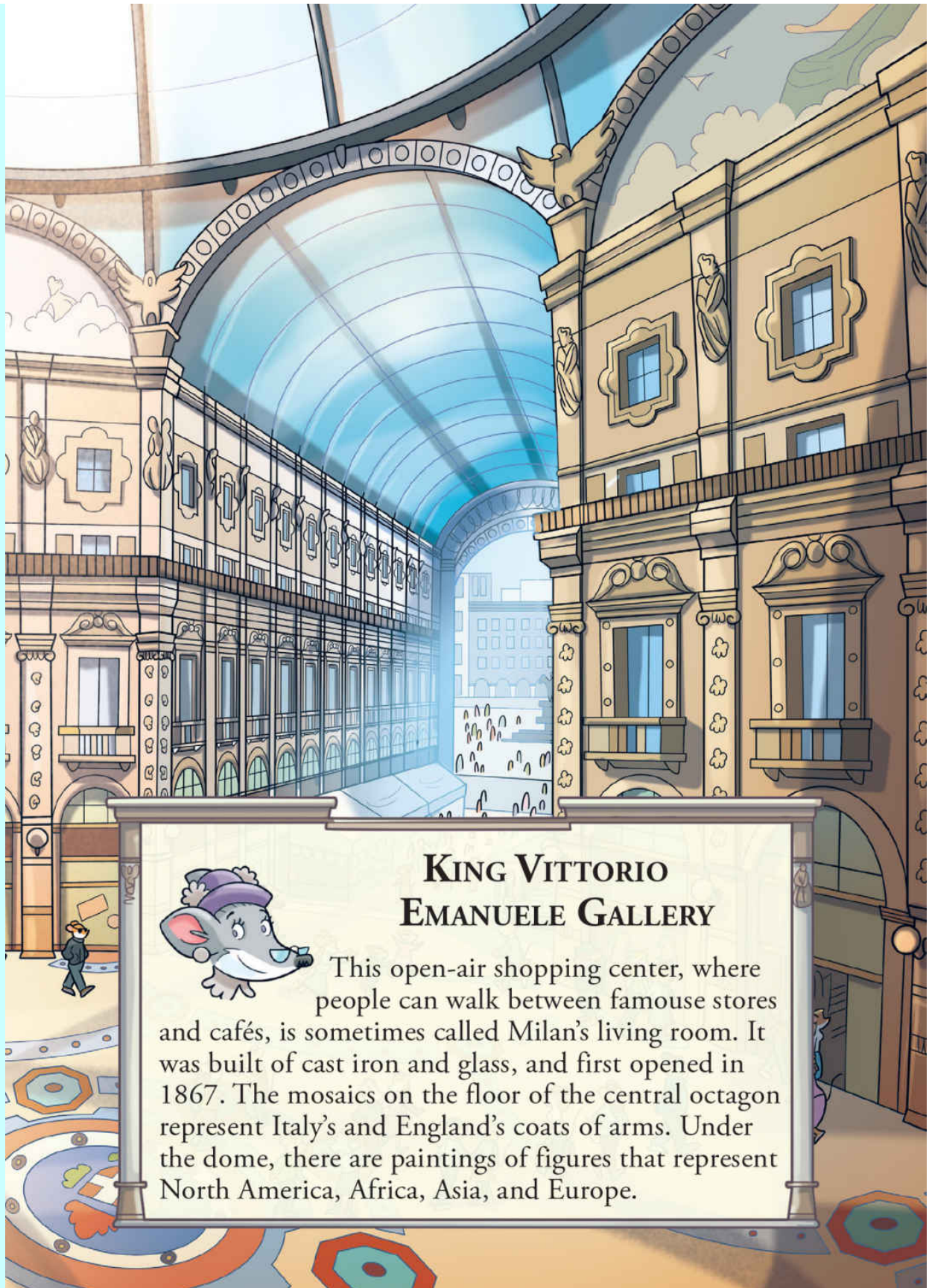
I twisted my tail into a knot, watching the







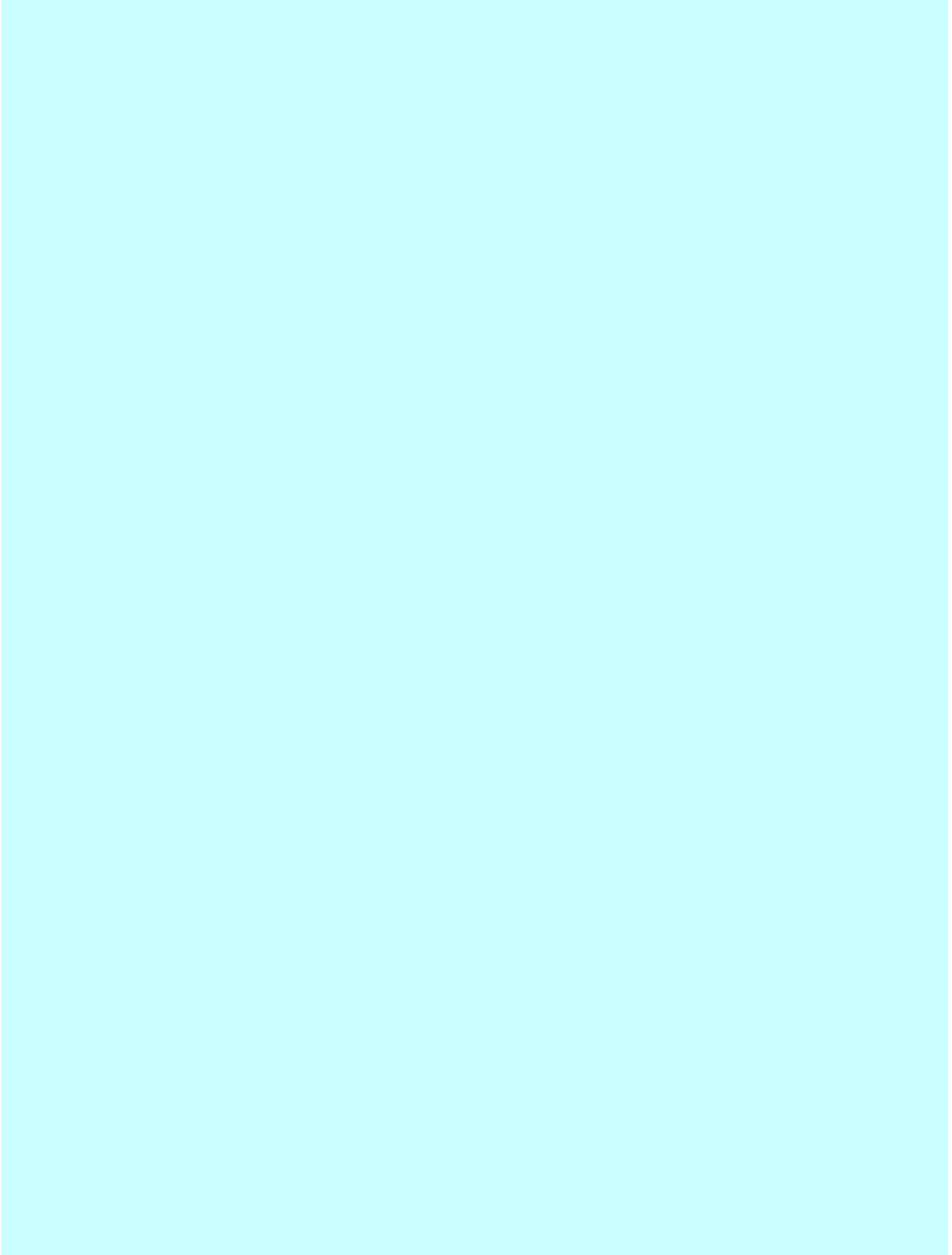




KING VITTORIO EMANUELE GALLERY



This open-air shopping center, where people can walk between famous stores and cafés, is sometimes called Milan's living room. It was built of cast iron and glass, and first opened in 1867. The mosaics on the floor of the central octagon represent Italy's and England's coats of arms. Under the dome, there are paintings of figures that represent North America, Africa, Asia, and Europe.





imposter brag and kiss onlookers' paws. What a rat! There's nothing that bothers me more than dishonesty. It really **toasts my cheese!**

Suddenly, a mouse cried, "Holey cheese, Geronimo Stilton is a **thief!** As he kissed my **Paw**, he stole my ruby ring!"

The thief gave a satisfied laugh.





Ha ha ha!

Then he darted away as fast as his paws would take him, zigzagging through the crowd. **A L L** of the rodents nearby tried to grab him, but he was too speedy! He zoomed off, calling, “**Na-na-na-na-meow-meow**—I mean, **na-na-na-na-foo-foo!**”

I threw my paws into the air.

For the love of cheese, we had missed the **thief** by a whisker!





I AM A SERIOUS MOUSE!

Without wasting a moment, Hercule pulled out the map. The thief's next **APPOINTMENT** was at La Scala Theater at 10:30.

Thea **LOOKED** me up and down, shaking her snout. "Before we go, you need a better **disguise**! We'll have to buy something . . ."

Rodent friends, you may already know that my uncle Samuel S. Stingysnout is a tremendmouse **cheapskate**. Believe it or not, his son Stevie is even worse!

Stevie held up his paws in alarm. "**Buy** something? You mean, **spending and squandering**?" he squeaked. "**O#H#H#H#H#**,



I can hardly believe my ears! Not for all the mozzarella in Milan!”

He grabbed the previous day’s newspaper from the garbage, poked two **holes** in it, and draped it over my snout. Then he brushed his paws together, **satisfied**. “There you go! All you need to disguise Geronimo is a nice old **NEWSPAPER**. The less you see of him, the better—and it’s **FREE!**”

We all rolled our eyes.

“**NO**, Stevie, that’s not going to work,” Thea said with a sigh.







I was starting to feel desperate!

“Please, I just want to look dignified,” I begged, pulling the newspaper off my snout. “After all, I do run the most famous newspaper in **NEW MOUSE CITY**! I’m an intellectual mouse—I have a reputation to protect.”

Hercule squeezed my shoulder. “**Geronimo**, leave it to me!”

I squeaked a sigh of relief. After all, Hercule is a private investigator. He’s known for his disguises! He **pawed** through the pockets of his yellow trench coat and finally pulled **SOMETHING** out.

“Look here, **Stilton**. You’ll never believe it—I have the perfect **costume**!”

I was **HAPPIER** than a mouse in a fondue factory. “What is it?”

Hercule **winked** at me and began to

INFLATE the costume with a little bike pump.

Crusty cat litter, this didn't look good!

A moment later, everything became clear. It was an **ENORMOUSE** inflatable panettone, complete with fake candied fruit, fake raisins, fake sickening vanilla scent, and a **ridiculous** fake lace doily that looked like a skirt!

Hercule grinned proudly. "It's a **PANETTONE** costume! Do you like it, Stilton? It fits perfectly with Milan and this mysterious case. Plus, dressed up like this, pawsitively **no one** will recognize you!"

I waved my paws and shook my snout. "I want a serious **costume**! I am a serious mouse! Why is this so hard for everyone to understand? **I can't wear that!**"

Hercule pulled out
a costume for me!

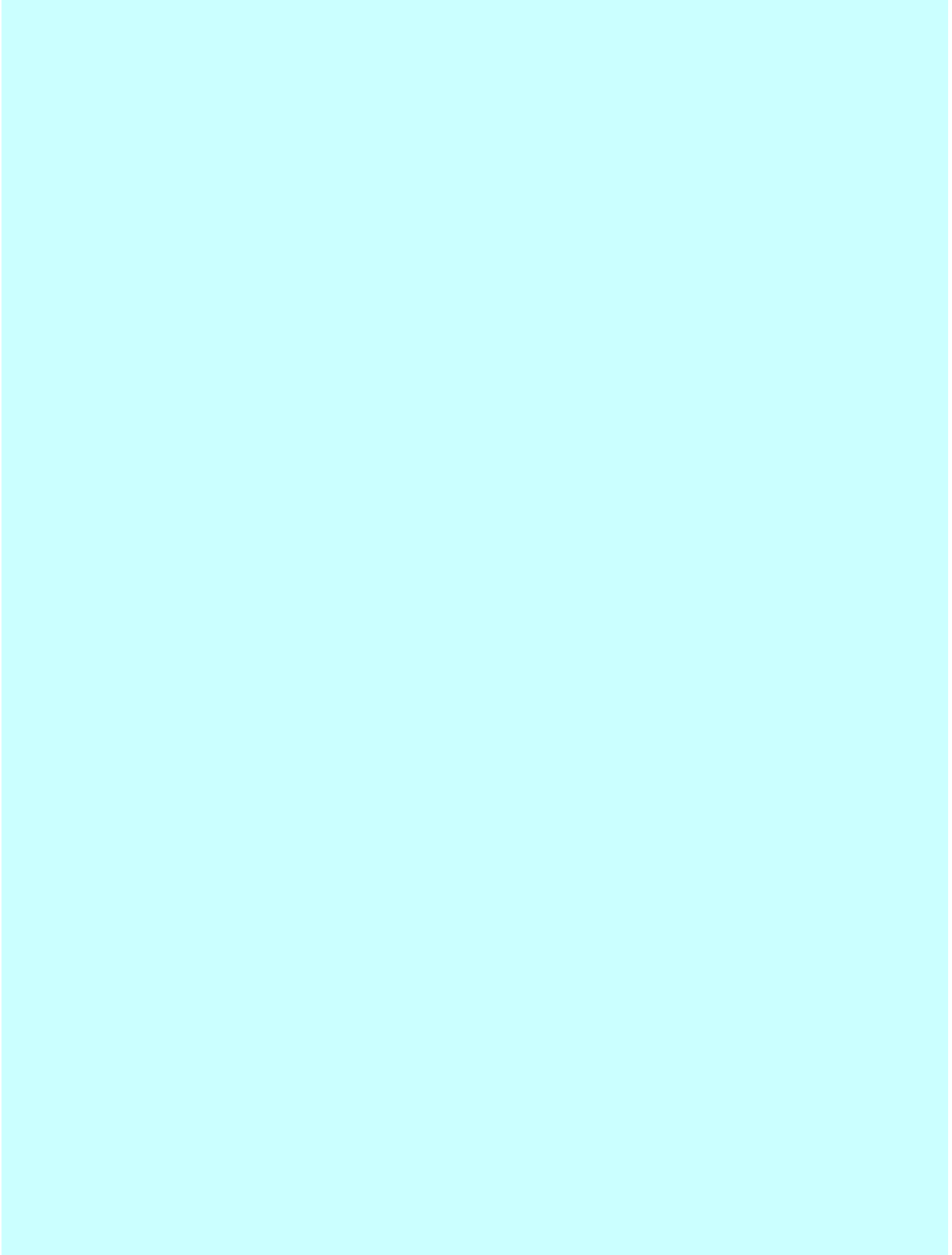
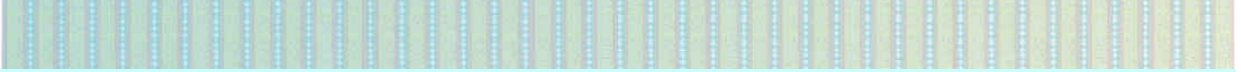


I didn't understand
what it was until he began
to inflate it...



Finally, I understood—
it was a panettone—
costume!





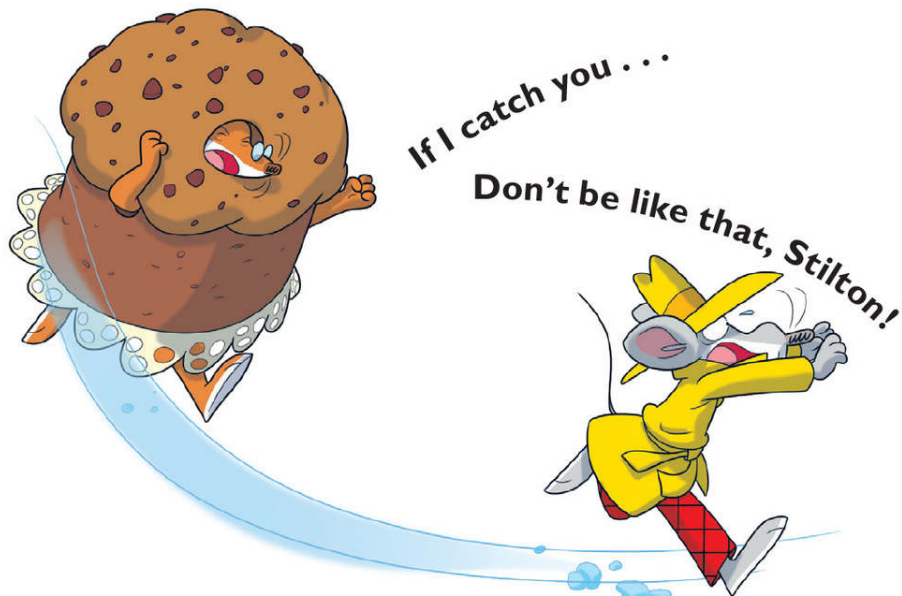


Benjamin squeaked up. “Umm, Uncle Geronimo? If I were you, I would put on the panettone costume right away. **We’re late!**”

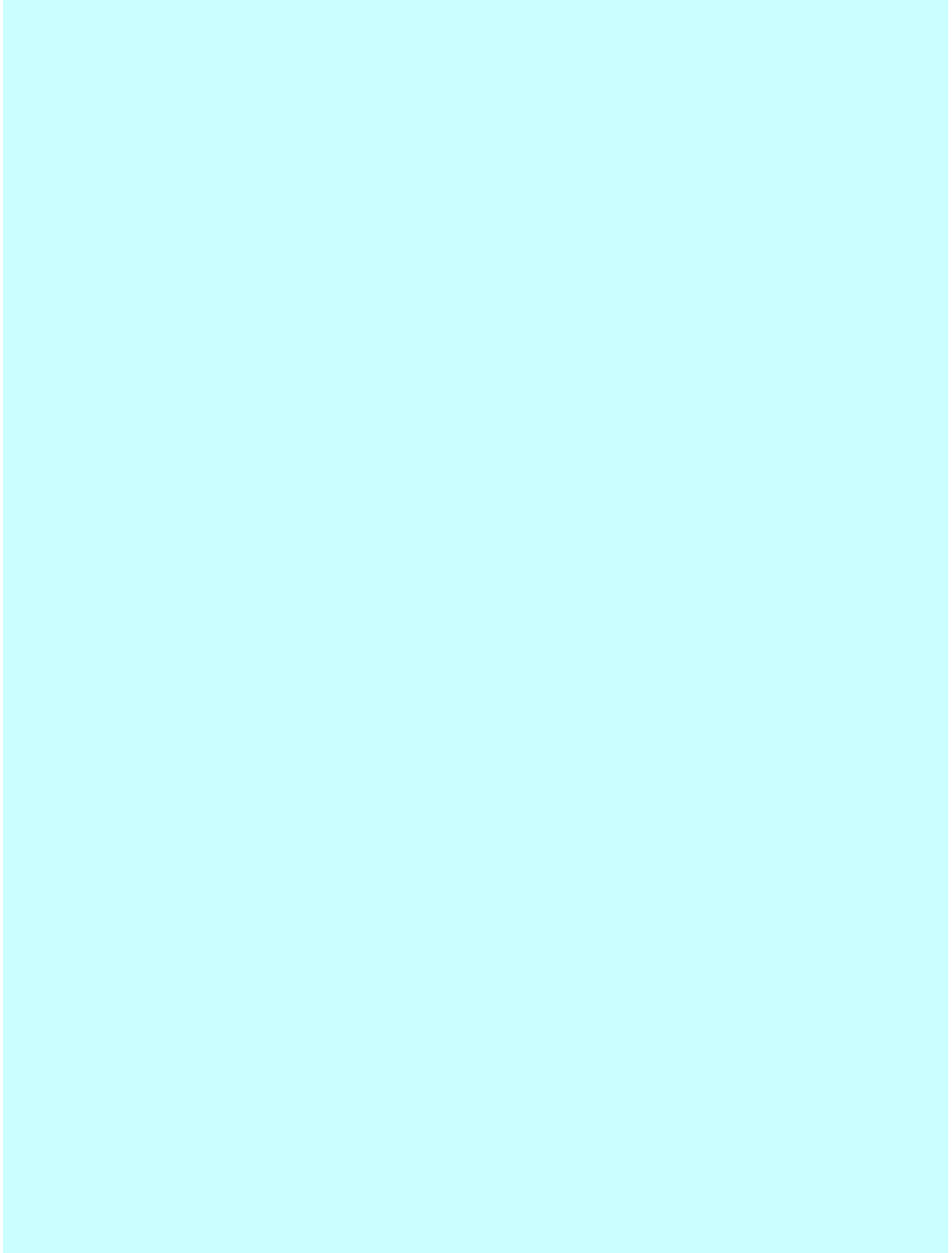
I **sighed**. As usual, Benjamin was right . . .

So I swallowed my mousely pride, put on the panettone costume, and headed toward La Scala Theater. **THUNDERING CATTAILS**, I felt ridiculous!

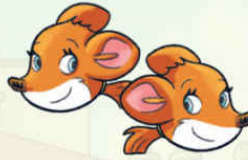
When we arrived in the square, Squeaky and Squeakette cried in unison, “There’s the famous Classical Dance Academy! Oh, we would **love** to go there!”



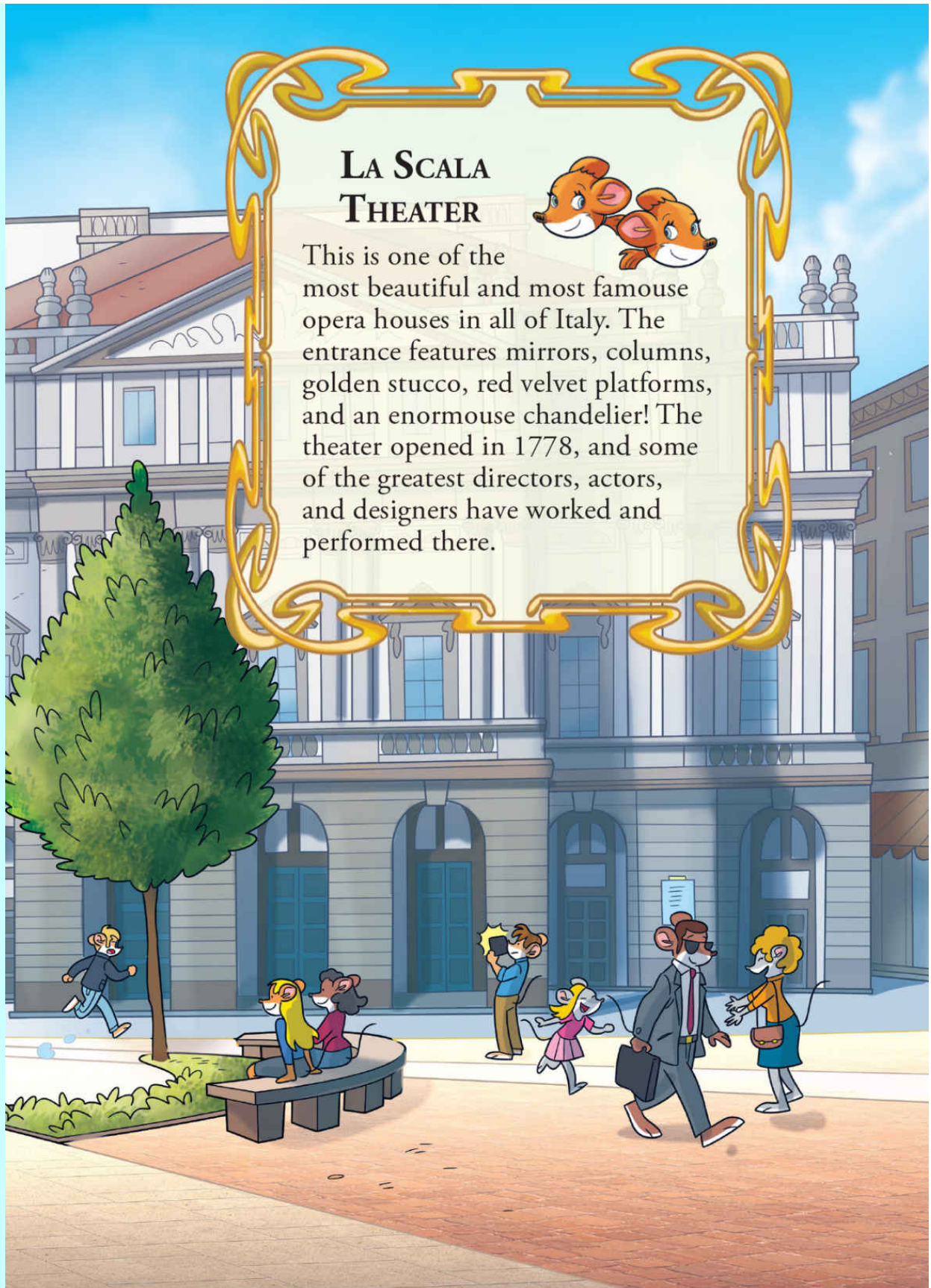


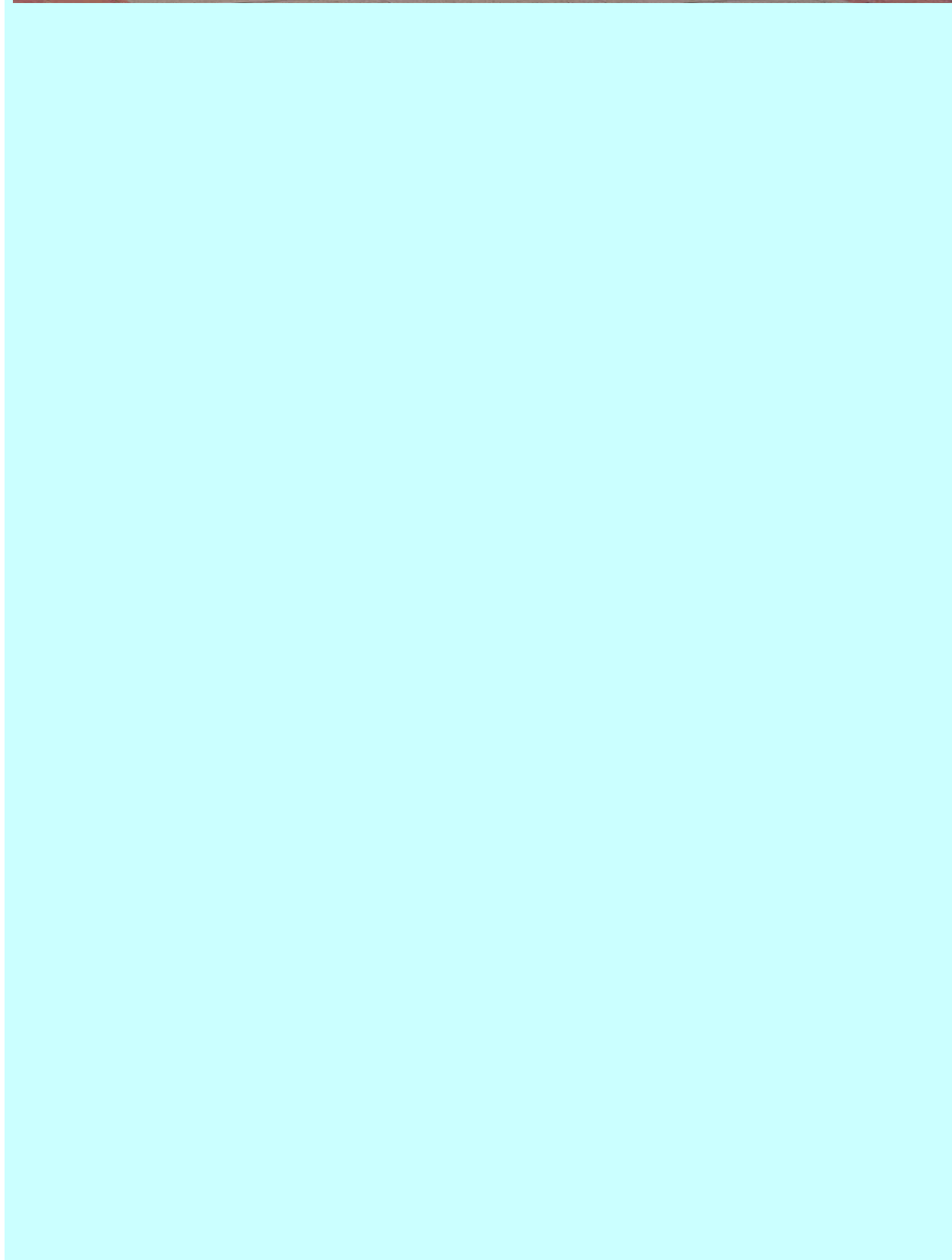


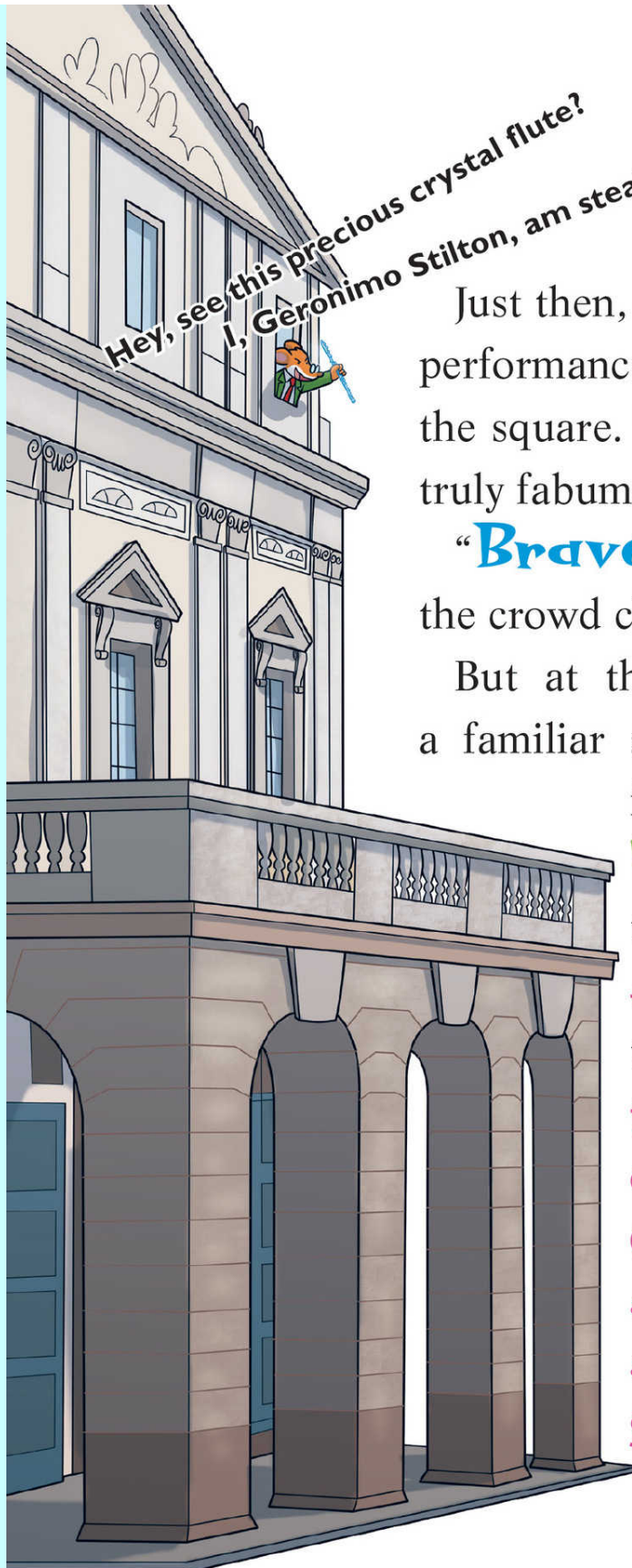
LA SCALA THEATER



This is one of the most beautiful and most famous opera houses in all of Italy. The entrance features mirrors, columns, golden stucco, red velvet platforms, and an enormous chandelier! The theater opened in 1778, and some of the greatest directors, actors, and designers have worked and performed there.







Hey, see this precious crystal flute?
I, Geronimo Stilton, am stealing it!

Just then, a small **DANCE** performance began out on the square. The dancers were truly fabumouse!

“Bravo! Encore!”
the crowd cheered.

But at that very moment, a familiar snout peeked out from an upper **WINDOW** of the theater. **“Hey, everyone!”** the thief yelled. **“See this precious crystal flute? I, Geronimo Stilton, am stealing it—and no one can stop me!”**



With a marvemouse **jump**,
he leaped onto the roof and
RAN AWAY!

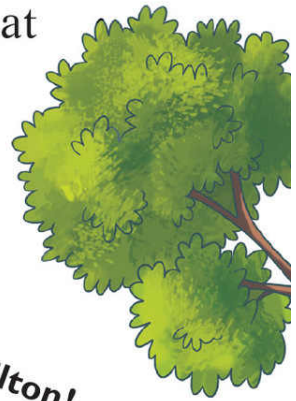
The rodents in the crowd
shook their snouts in dismay.

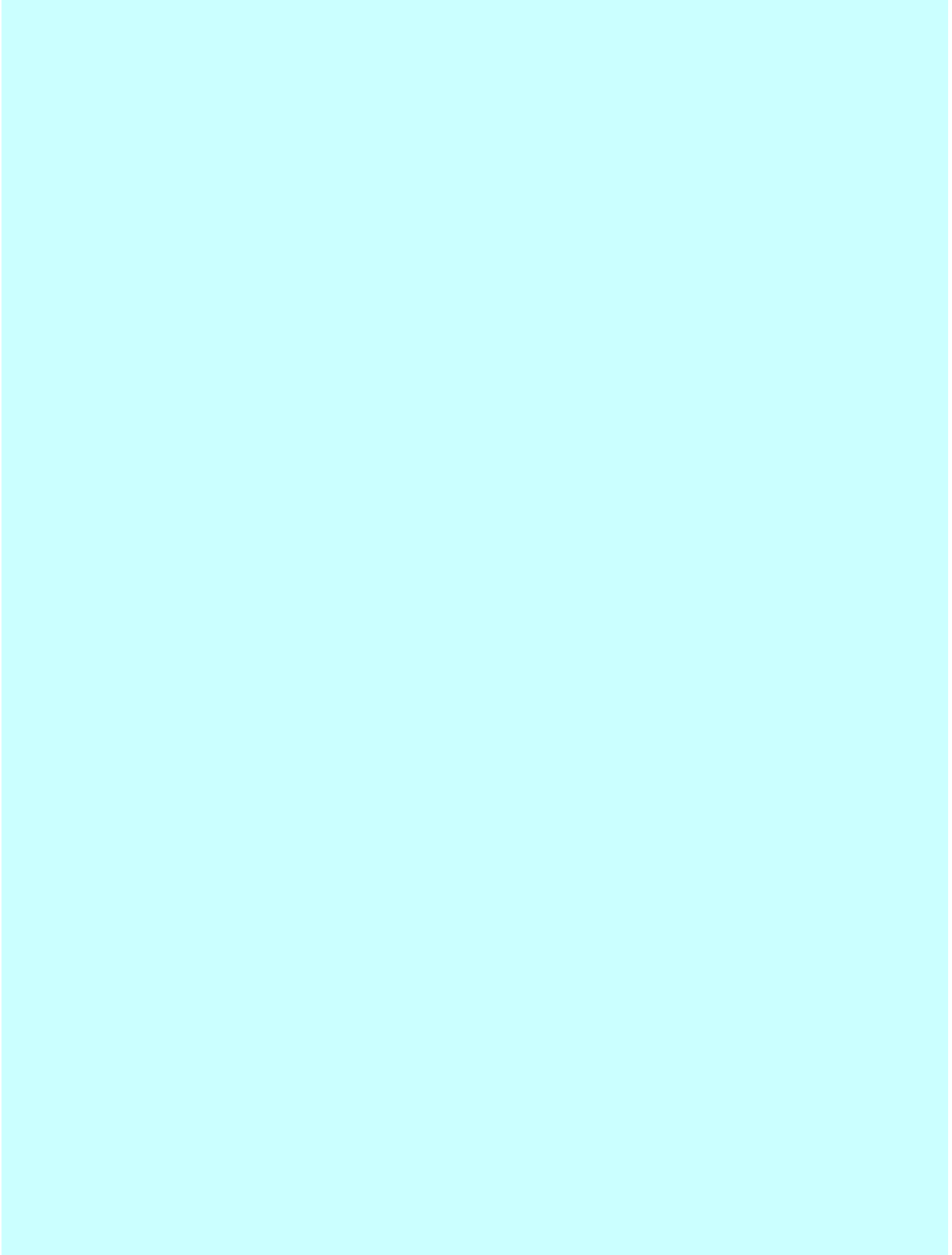
“Geronimo Stilton really is a
thief! Putrid Parmesan, what a disgrace!”

I felt my fur turn **red** with embarrassment.
For the first time, I was happy to be dressed
up like **panettone!**

Even so, I couldn't help thinking that
something was awfully odd about that
thief. He seemed almost **too** agile . . .

Strange!





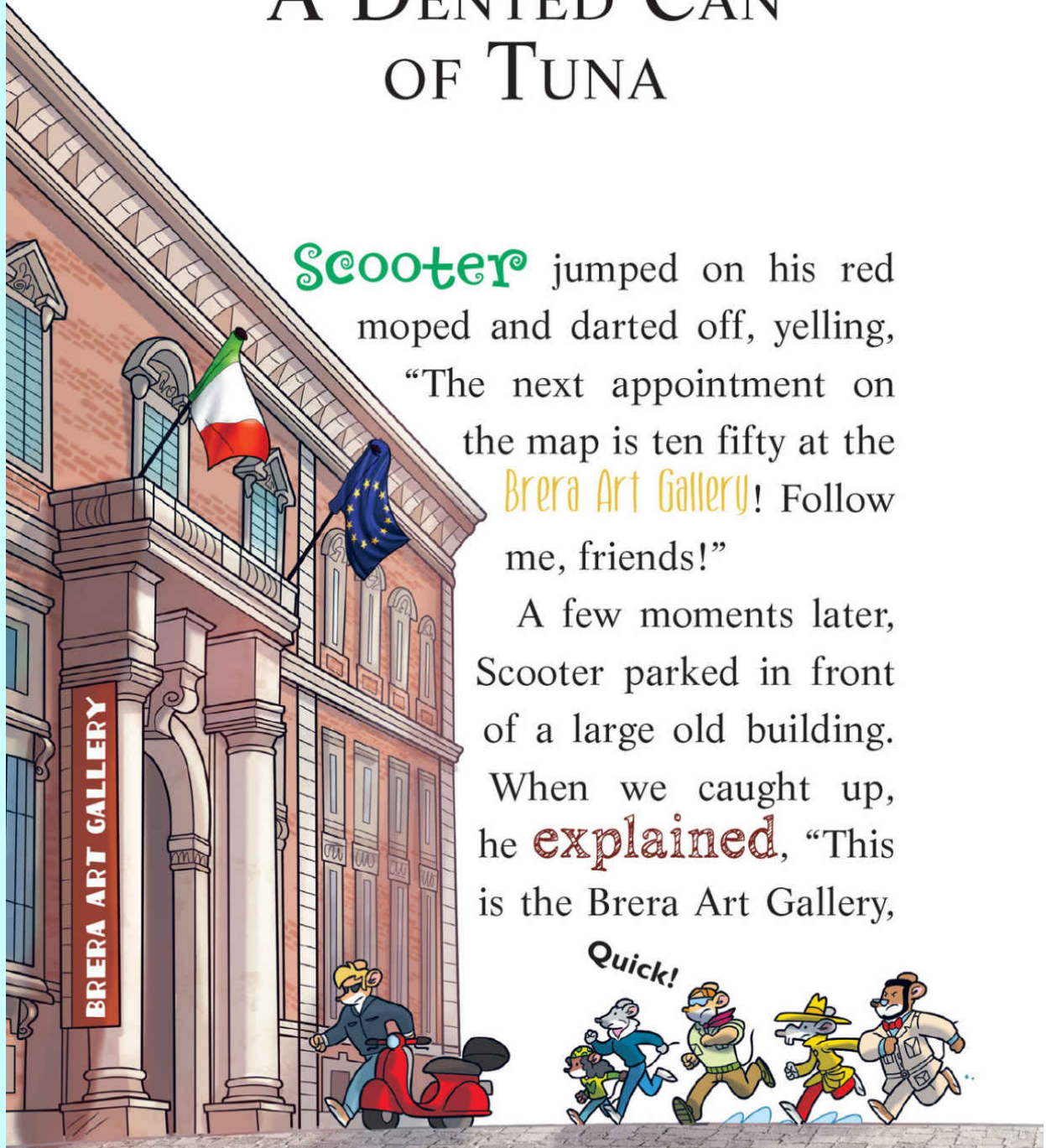


A DENTED CAN OF TUNA

Scooter jumped on his red moped and darted off, yelling, “The next appointment on the map is ten fifty at the **Brera Art Gallery**! Follow me, friends!”

A few moments later, Scooter parked in front of a large old building. When we caught up, he **explained**, “This is the Brera Art Gallery,

Quick!







where you can admire **PAINTINGS** that are famous all around the world.”

Together, we walked through the gallery rooms. **Cheese niblets**, there were so many fabulous works of art here!

But no matter how hard we looked, there was no trace of the **THIEF**.

The only thing we found was a dented can of **TUNA FISH** in one corner. Could the thief have dropped it?

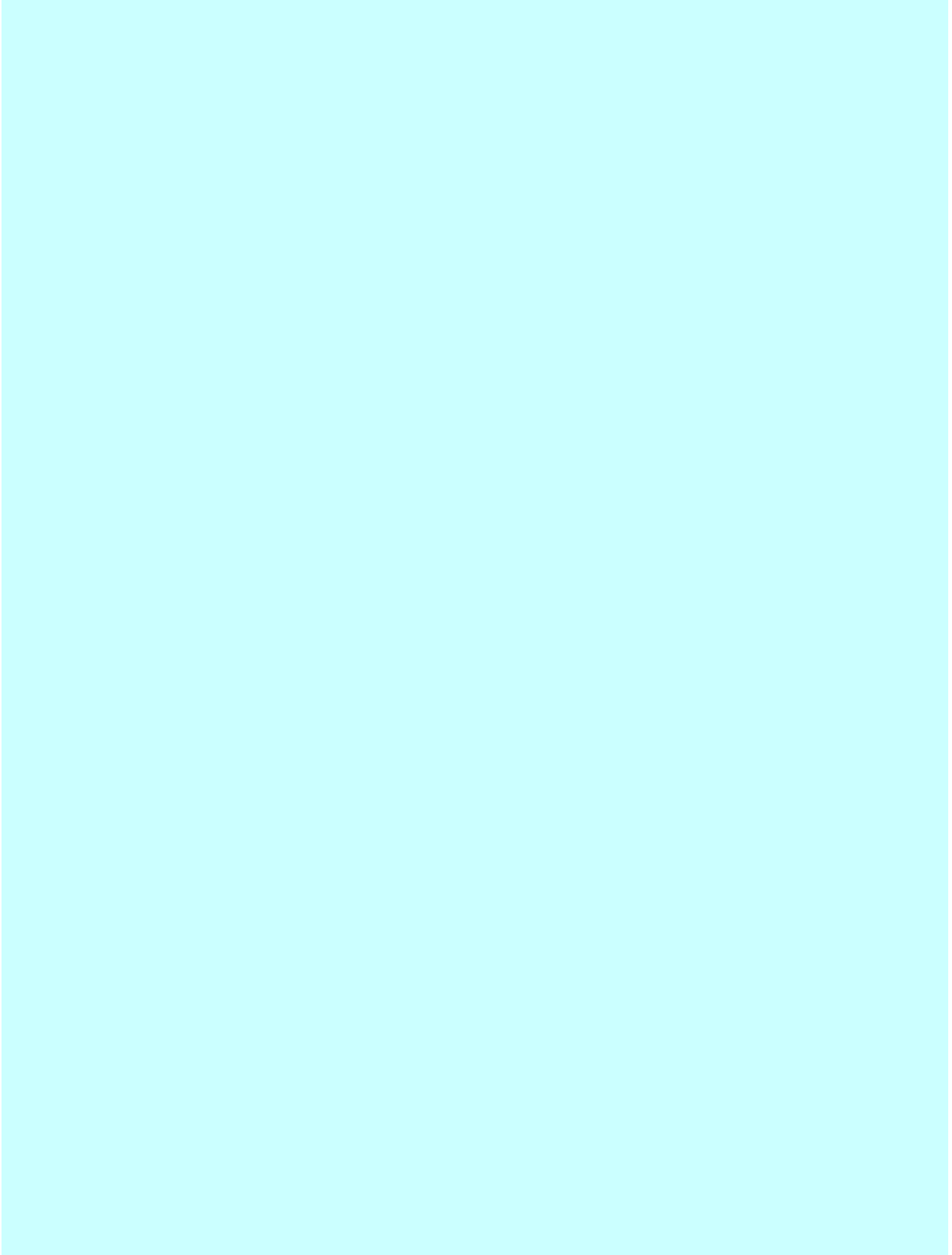


STRANGE!

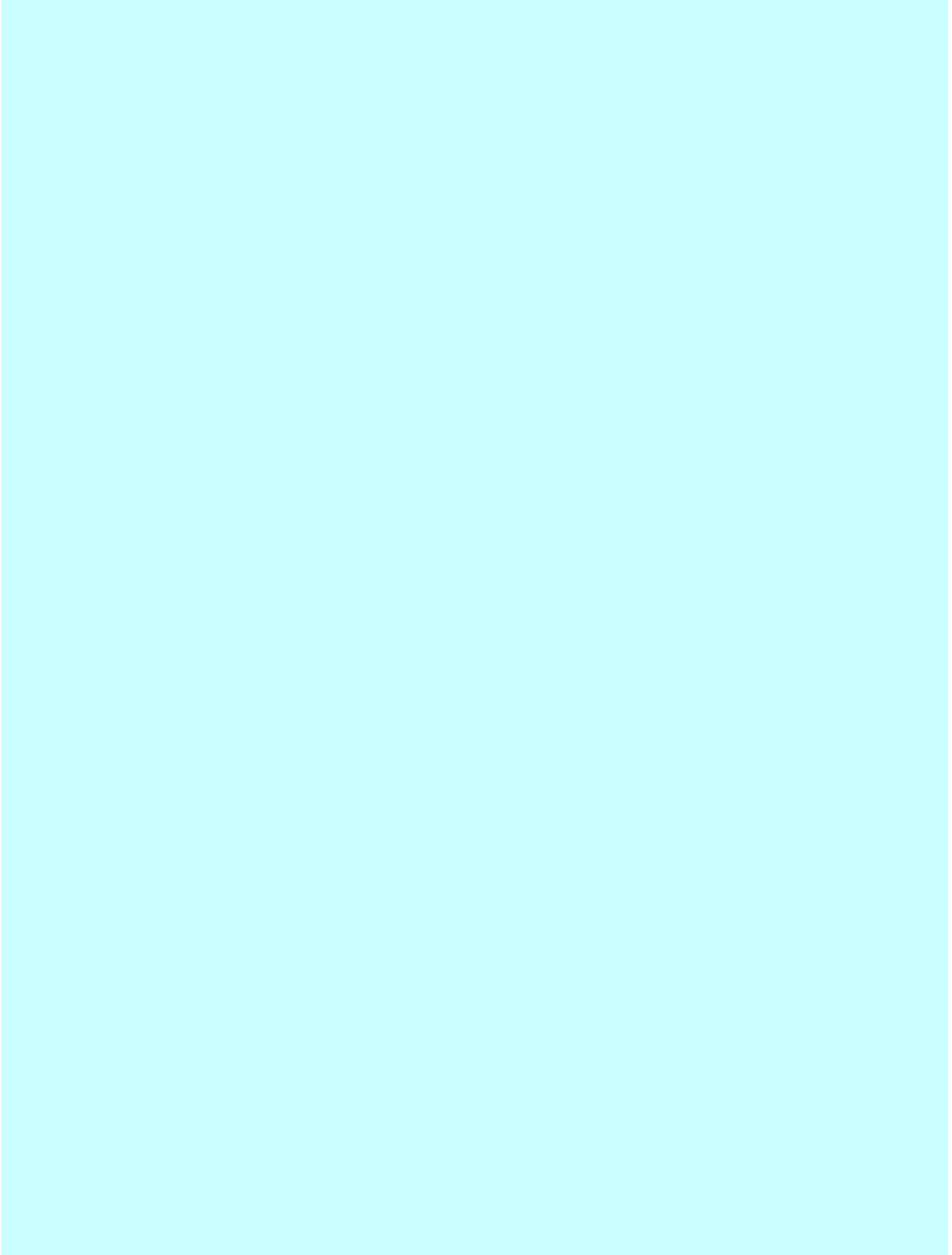
Scooter thought quietly, twirling his whiskers. “I’ll bet the thief has already left.”

“Hmmm,” I said. “But the appointment on the map says ten fifty, right? He should be here **now!**”









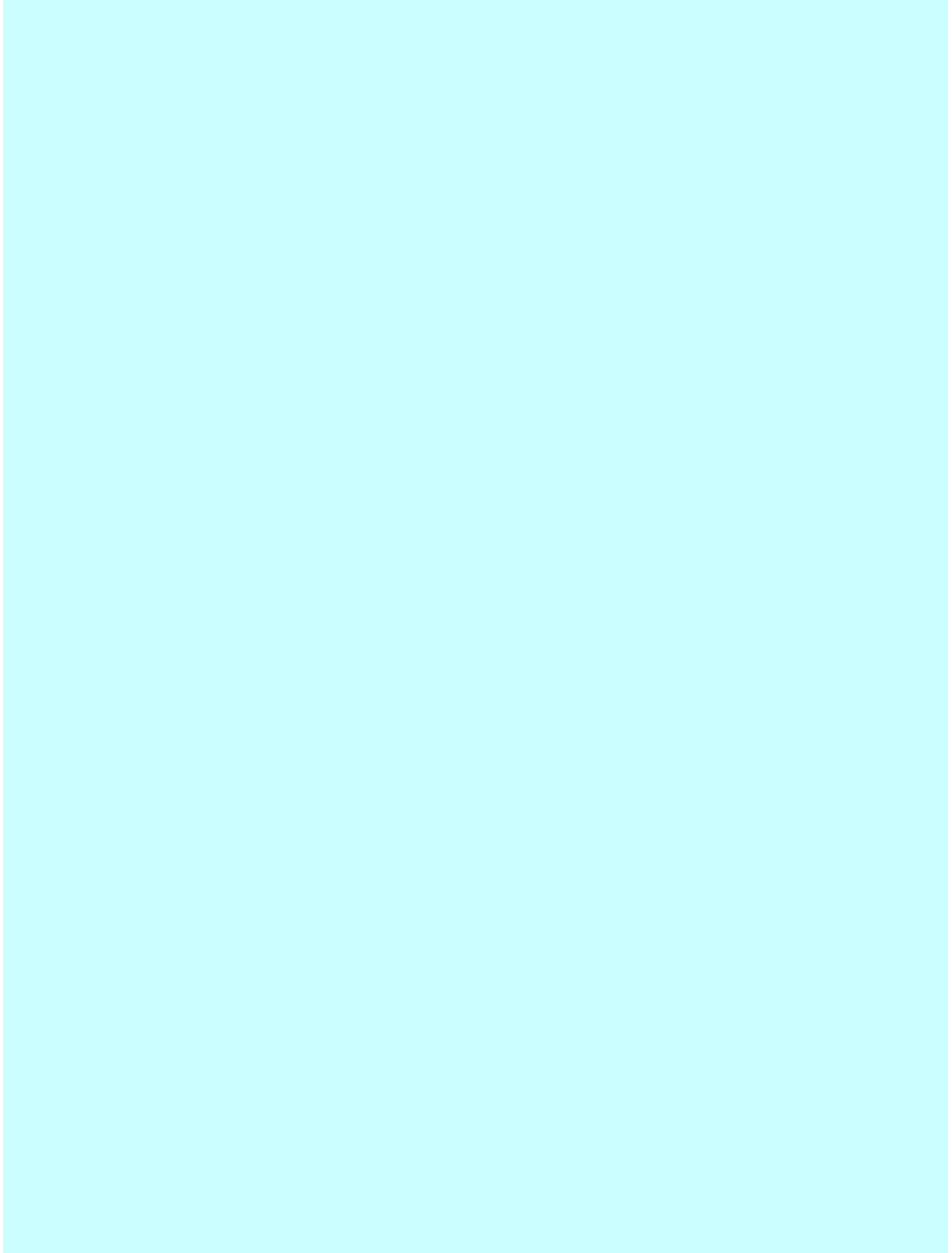


THE BRERA ART GALLERY

The art gallery is on the first floor of the Brera Palace. Beyond the statue of Napoleon in the beautiful courtyard, there are two stairways that lead up to the gallery. In these rooms are the works of some of the greatest Italian artists, including Mantegna, Raphael, and Piero della Francesca.

It smells like
vanilla!







I borrowed a magnifying glass from *Hercule*, since he always keeps one in his pocket. I used it to peer more closely at the **map** of Milan. Cheese and crackers! I finally understood!

There was a **coffee stain** right above the time of the Art Gallery appointment. That's why the writing was blurred—I had read it wrong!

The Brera appointment was at 10:40, not 10:50!

“Gobs of Gouda, we got here **late!**” I squeaked frantically. “We need to get our tails to the next appointment. It’s at **SFORZA CASTLE** at one thirty!”



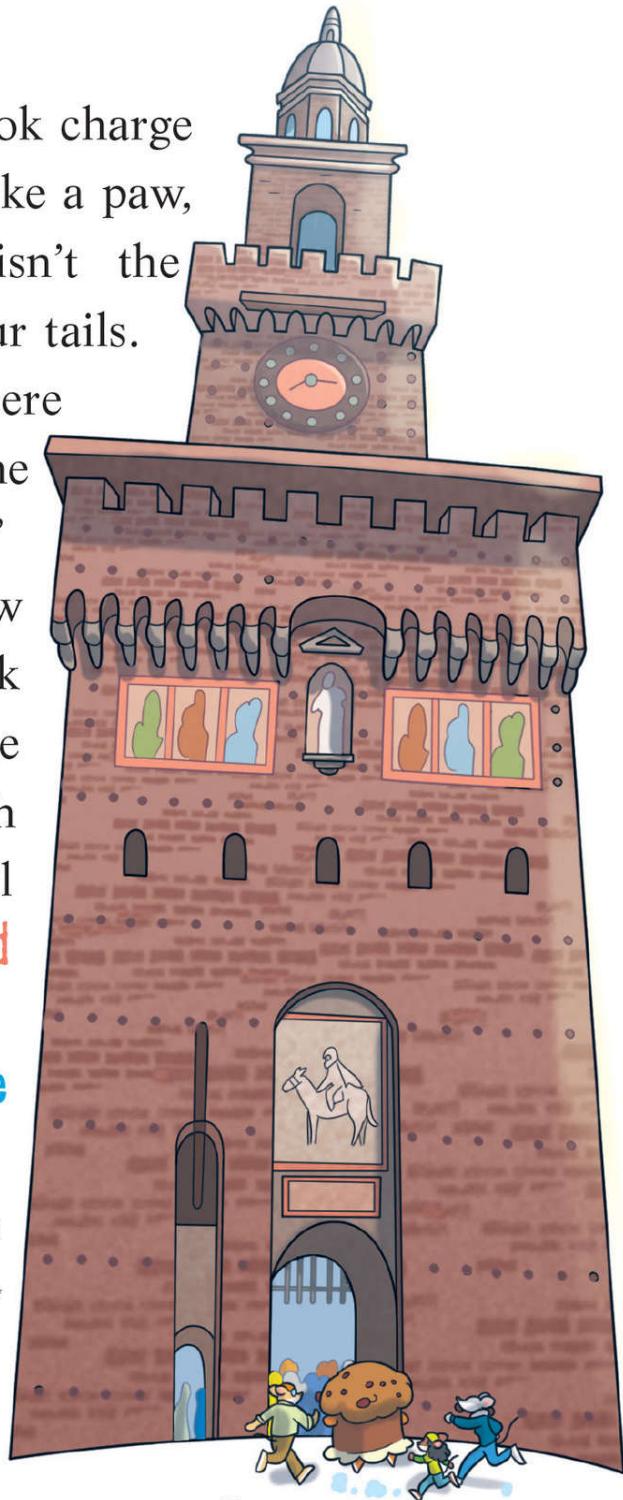


Bruce Hyena took charge immediately. “Shake a paw, everyone! This isn’t the time to rest on our tails. We have to get there way **BEFORE** the thief! Go, go, go!”

Scooter knew Milan like the back of his paw, so he **led** us through back alleys until we finally **arrived** at Sforza Castle.

What a marvemouse sight!

We explored the entire **castle** from the top to





the bottom. We even staked out places to wait for the thief as 1:30 **drew** closer, but we didn't spot him anywhere.

I was starting to feel like the cheese was **slipping off** of my cracker!

At last, Hercule suggested, "Let's check the castle's Egyptian Museum. *There are tons of fabulous treasures in there*—maybe there's something the thief would try to steal."





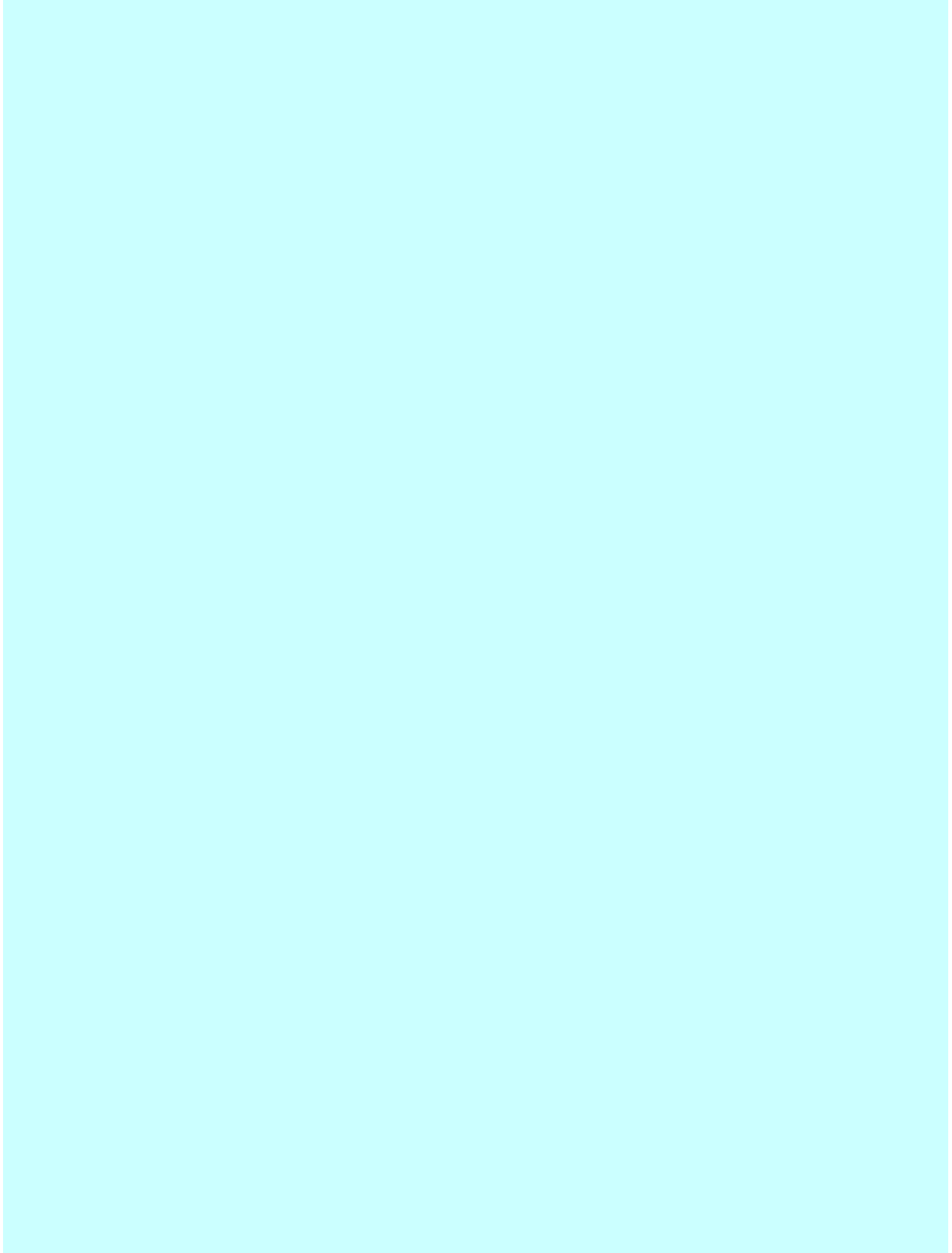
SFORZA CASTLE

Built by the Visconti, the rulers of Milan in the 1300s, the castle was later enlarged by the Sforza family. The Sforzas wanted the castle to be both beautiful and useful in defending Milan. The castle was later occupied by the Spanish, Austrian, and French soldiers who dominated the city. Around one hundred years ago, it was restored by a man named Luca Beltrami; today, the castle is home to libraries and museums that are open to everyone.



Here is the real
Geronimo — me!







Trap added, “Ooh, and I’ll bet there are **MUMMIES**! Doesn’t that sound **mousetastic**, Cousin?”

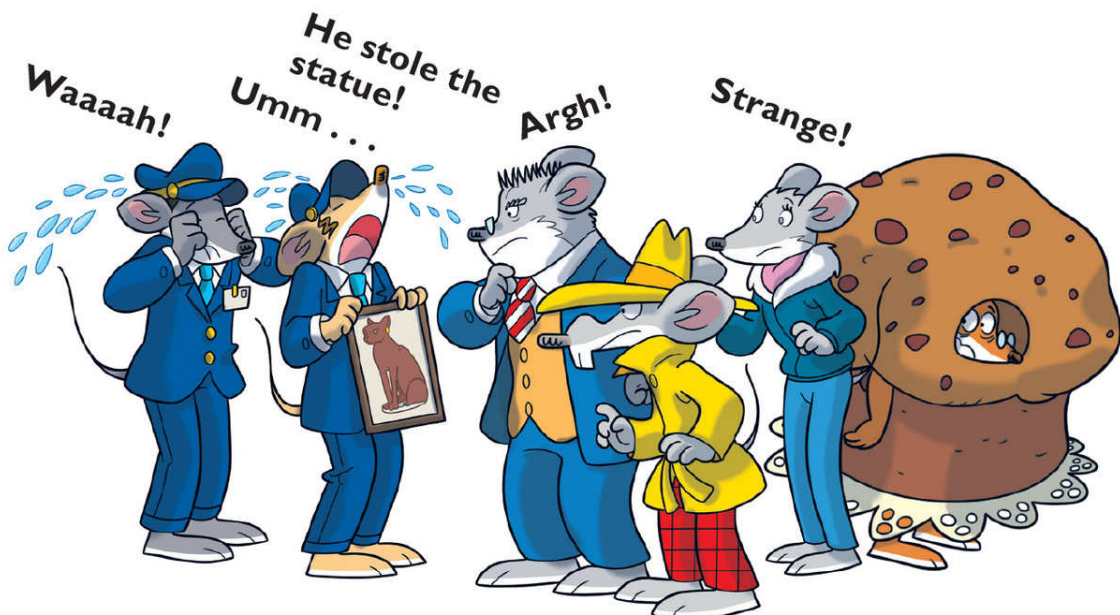
That didn’t sound mousetastic at all!

Dear reader, you may not know this . . . but I am **PETRIFIED** of mummies!

As soon as we entered the mouseum, we heard the guards **squeaking in alarm**.

“That rat stole the statue of the goddess *Bastet*!”

“He always seemed like such a respectable **RODENT** . . .”





“But he’s a **thief!**”

“What did he say his name was?”

“Stilton, Geronimo Stilton!”

“Ooh, if I get my paws on him . . .”

Holey cheese! I tucked my tail farther into the **PANETTONE** costume—I couldn’t risk being recognized!

I also couldn’t help noticing the thief’s mysterious target. **Why would he steal the statue of the goddess Bastet? She’s a cat-goddess!**

THE STATUE OF THE GODDESS BASTET

Bastet was a popular goddess of Ancient Egypt who took the form of a cat. The daughter of Ra, the sun god, she was considered to be the goddess of the home (among other things), protecting houses from evil spirits and disease.

The Ancient Egyptians adored cats, which defended their homes and crops from thieving vermin. They dedicated temples, poems, and statues to various cats, and even buried them in special cemeteries and embalmed them like the pharaohs!





A GORGONZOLA ICE CREAM CONE

We hightailed it out of the musuem and tried to **follow** the thief's trail, but he had vanished! Instead, we headed to the next appointment on the map: **Holy Mary of Grace church** at 4:30. (I was excited, because that's where Leonardo da Vinci's famouse mural, *The Last Supper*, is located!)

But it was hard to get too excited, because my morale was at rock bottom. That thieving rat was ruining my **REPUTATION!**

Plus, I was *hungrier than a cat in a cage*. We'd skipped lunch to chase after the thief!

Just then Aunt Sweetfur offered me an enormouse Gorgonzola ice cream cone, with an edible **umbrella**, caramel *sauce*,



whipped cream, a cookie, almonds, and a **CHERRY** on top.

“Dear Nephew, eat some **ice cream**—it will fill you up and give you energy!” she squeaked kindly.



I threw my paws around her. “Thank you. I really needed this!”

As my friends and family entered the large room where **The Last Supper** mural was located, I stayed outside and chowed down. (You’re not allowed inside a mouseum with an ice cream cone. Every **respectable** rodent knows that!)

I ate **QUICKLY** so that I could see the famous painting—I adore Leonardo da Vinci!

Suddenly, I felt someone tap me on the back. “Is that you, Stilton?”

I spun on my paws, **STUTTERING**



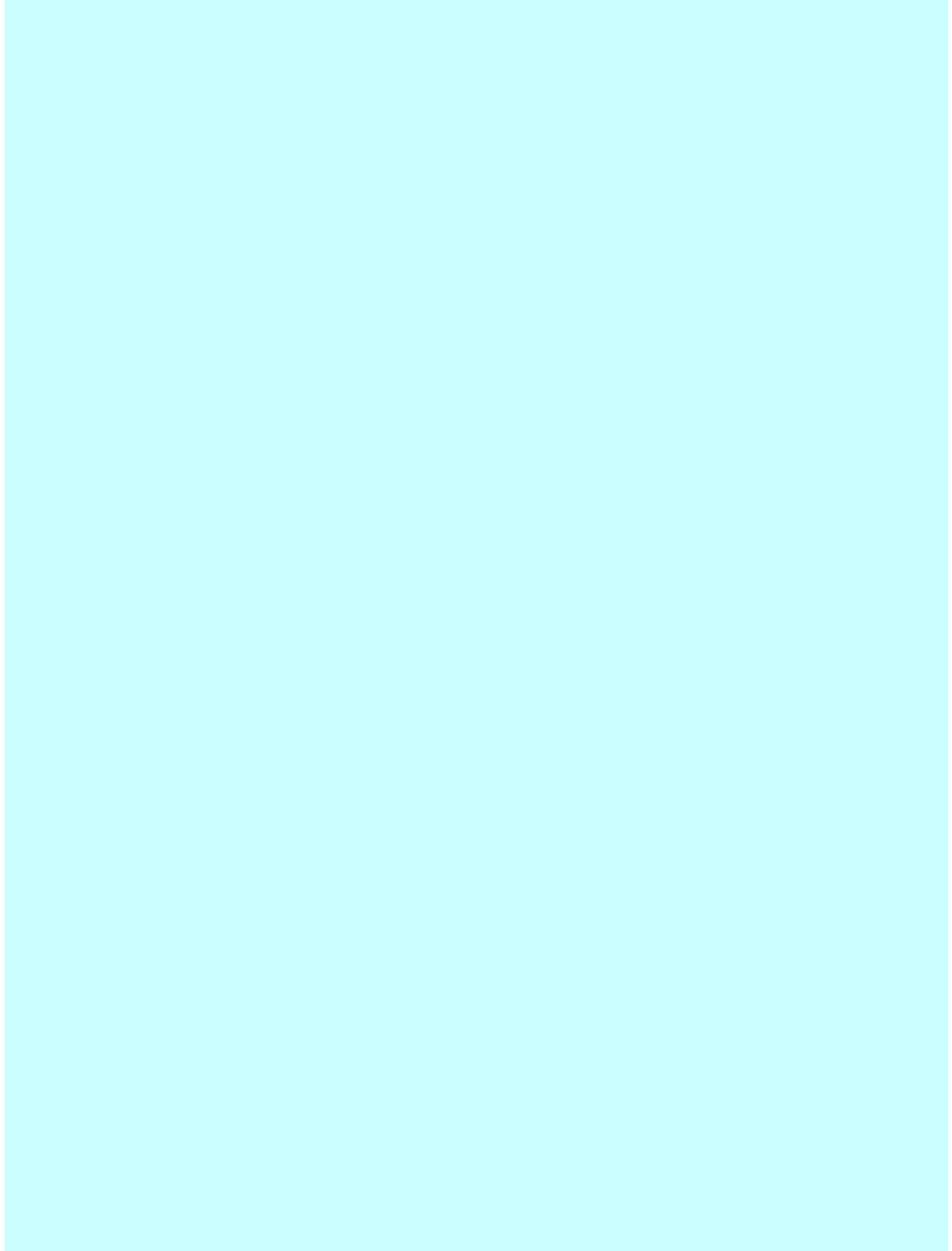
THE LAST SUPPER

This is a large painted mural in the refectory of the Holy Mary of Grace church in Milan. Leonardo da Vinci used an oil painting technique that was different from the typical fresco, so this masterpiece has lost some of its detail and coloring over time. But today, after many restorations, it remains an amazing sight!

How marvemouse!

It's so beautiful!







in surprise, “Y-yes, I’m Stilton, Geronimo Stilt—”

**But I never finished my sentence,
because before my eyes I saw . . . me!**

Crusty cheese crumpets!

Of course, it wasn’t actually me. It was the thief!

He snatched the **ICE CREAM CONE** from my paw, snickering. “Thanks, cheesebrain!”

Then he scampered away, **laughing** at me and leaving drops of ice cream trailing behind him. **Rats**—I wasn’t done eating that!

As he fled, a fish bone tumbled out of his pocket.

Strange!





DROPS OF ICE CREAM!

Once my friends and family came back outside, we followed the drops of **GORGONZOLA** ice cream until we arrived at a large door. It was the **entrance** to the

**LEONARDO DA VINCI
NATIONAL MUSEUM OF
SCIENCE
AND
TECHNOLOGY**

We entered on **TIPTOE**, quiet as mice . . .
I couldn't believe it—we had finally caught the thief **red-pawed** as he stopped to

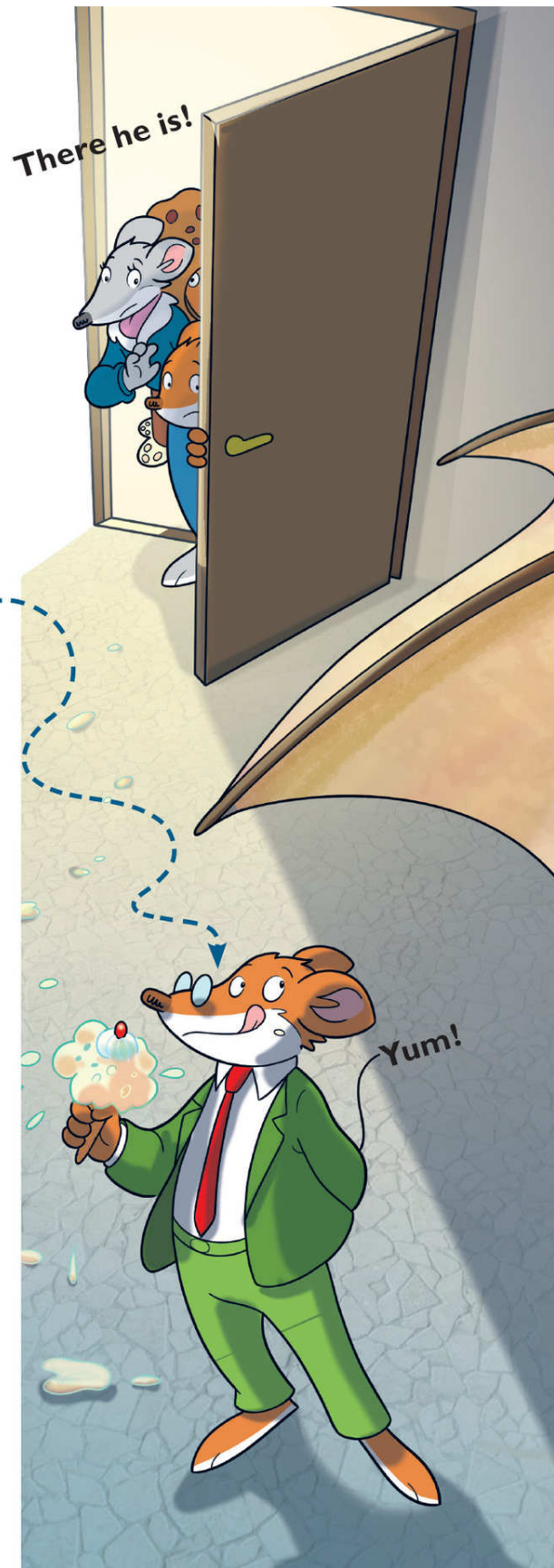
finish **my** ice cream
(inside a museum,
no less)!

For the love of all
things cheesy, it
was really **him**!

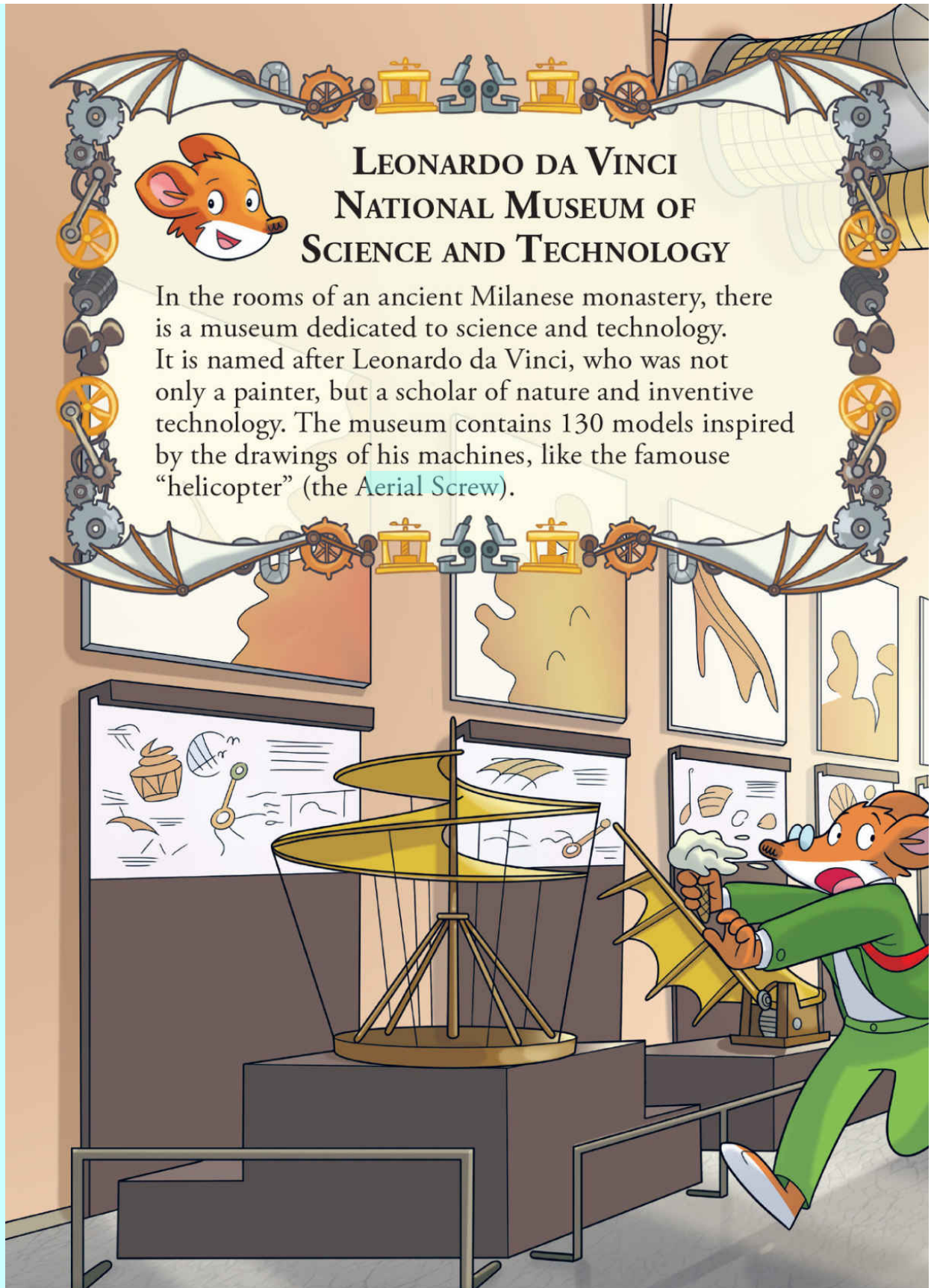
Trap's eyes were
wide. "If you
weren't here next to
me, Gerry Berry, I
would think that **he**
was really **YOU**—I
mean, that you are
him—I mean—"

Thea cut him off.
"Yes, we get it. But
now let's get **him**!"

Thea jumped out

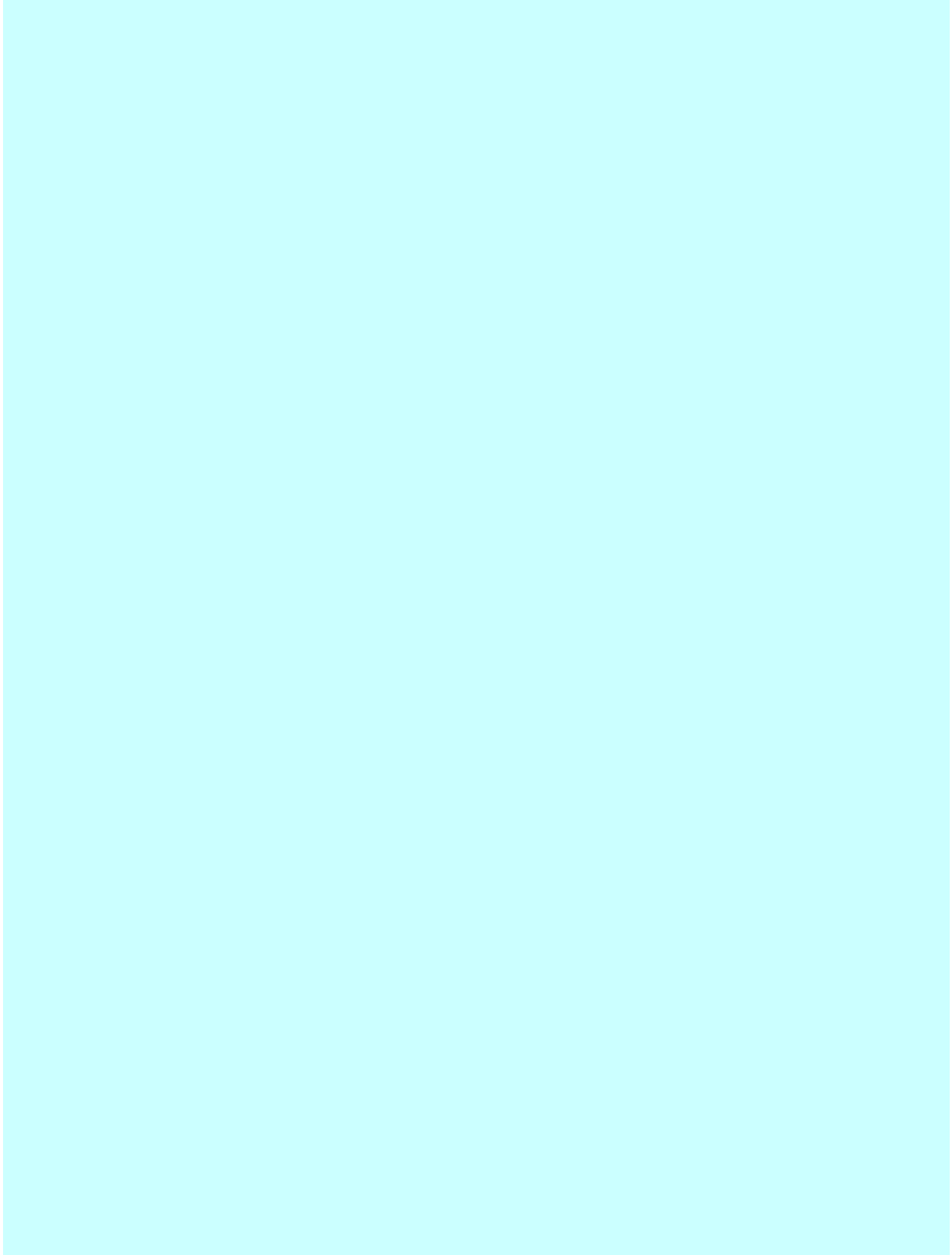


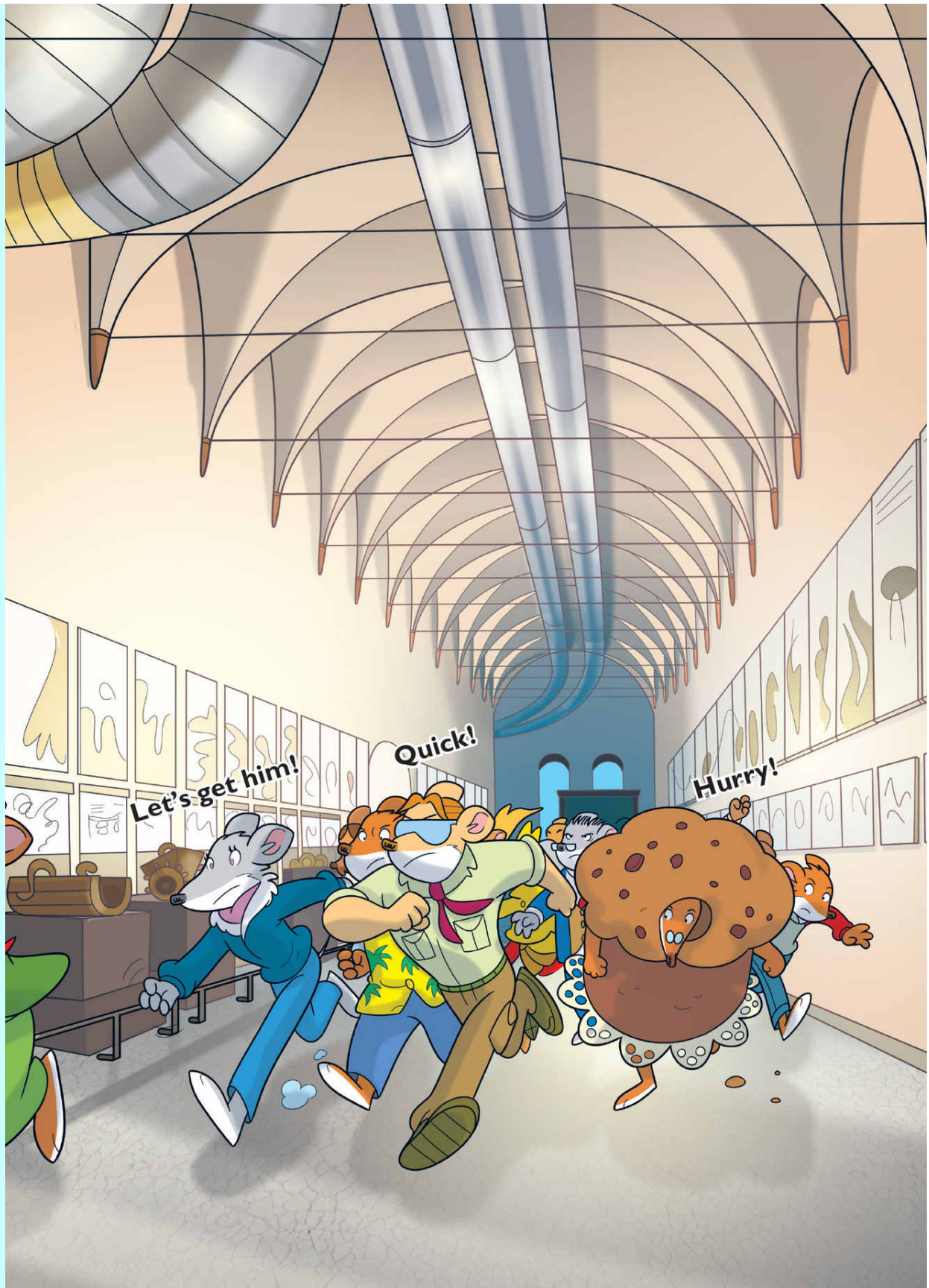


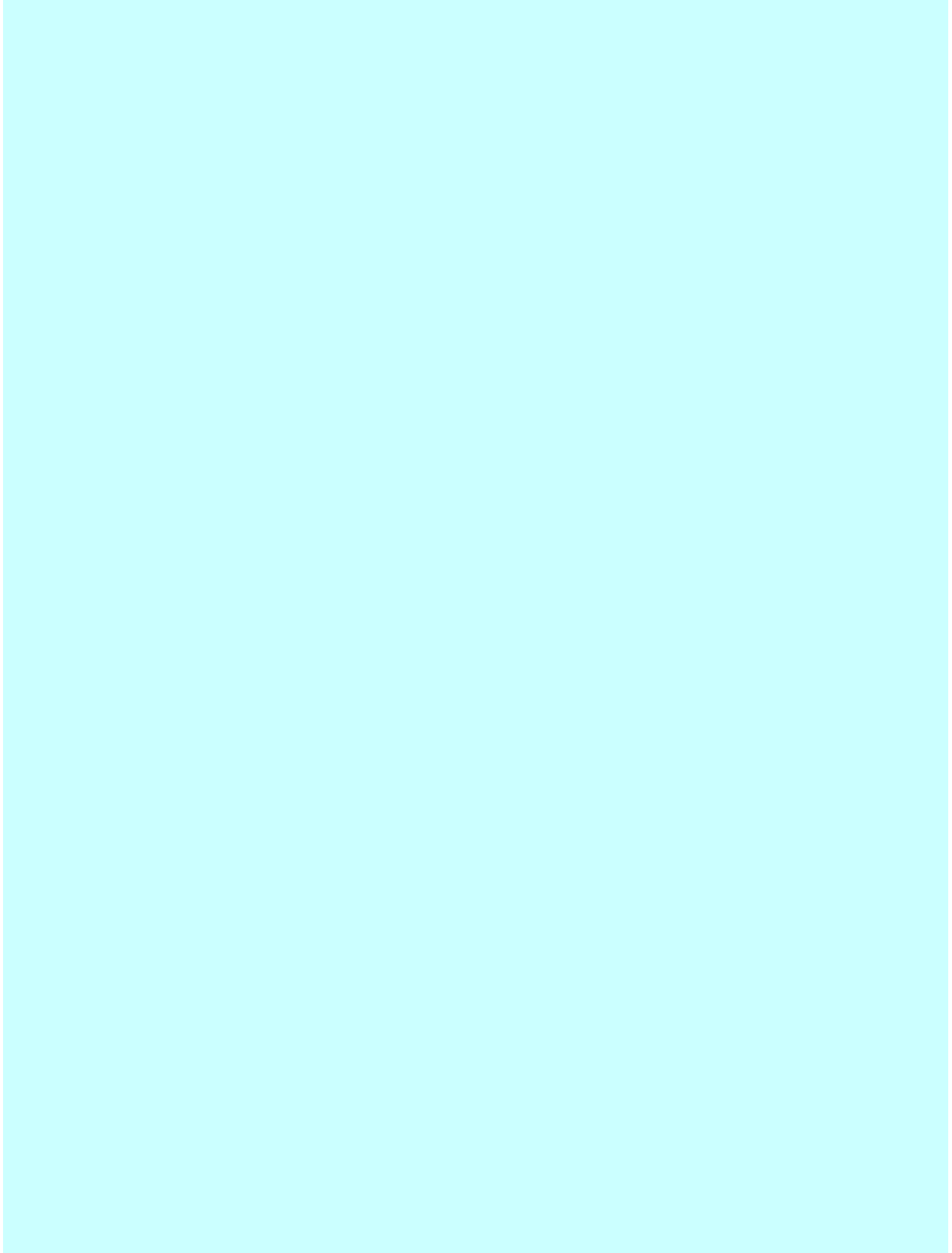


LEONARDO DA VINCI NATIONAL MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

In the rooms of an ancient Milanese monastery, there is a museum dedicated to science and technology. It is named after Leonardo da Vinci, who was not only a painter, but a scholar of nature and inventive technology. The museum contains 130 models inspired by the drawings of his machines, like the famous "helicopter" (the Aerial Screw).









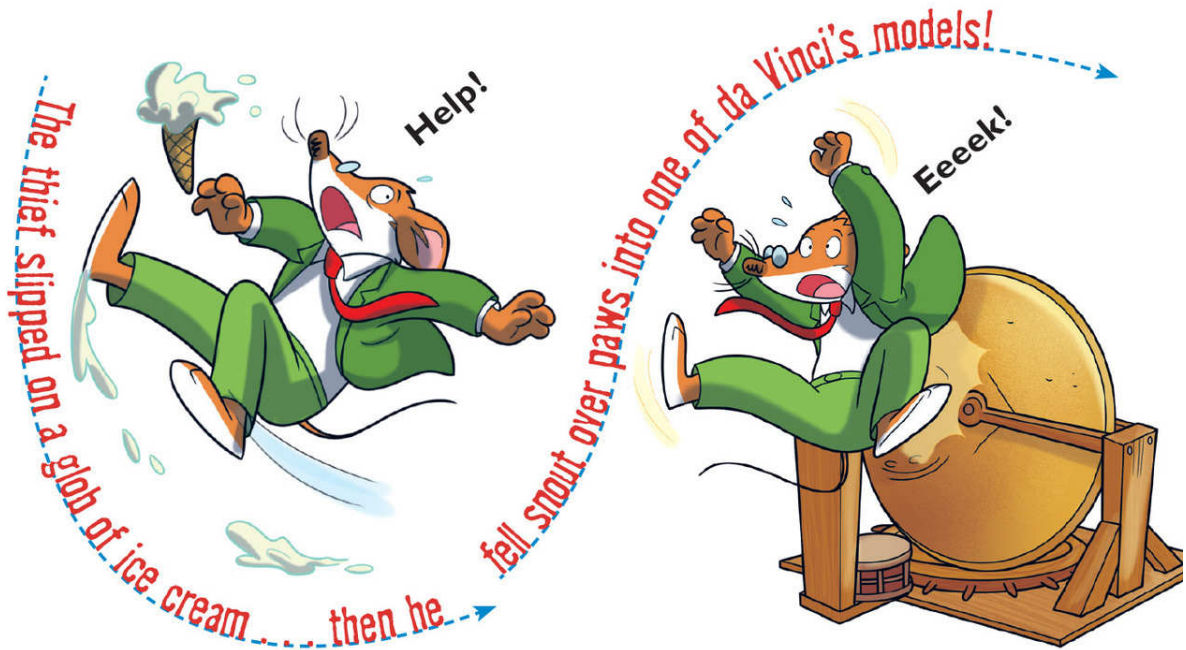
and ran toward the thief. “**PAWS UP!**”

Stunned, he cried, “Meowww—I mean, squeak!”

STRANGE!

He turned and tried to run, but slipped on a **GLOB** of Gorgonzola ice cream and fell snout over paws into a model of one of da Vinci’s machines. Before he could squeak, his tail got caught between the **gears!**

Grandfather William stood snout-to-snout





with the thief. “Now **confess**—no more lies! Tell us who you are, and why you’re trying to pass as my grandson!”

The **thief** paused for a moment, as if he were **SIZING** up the situation and deciding what tactic to use. I couldn’t help shaking in my fur. Who knew what this **rascally rat** was going to do next?





WHICH ONE OF YOU IS GERONIMO STILTON?

Before I knew it, the thief had grabbed my arm and pulled me out of my panettone **costume**! Then he yanked my tail and sent me into a spin, until he and I were **whirling around** together like a top. Cheese and crackers, I'd never been so **dizzy** in my life!

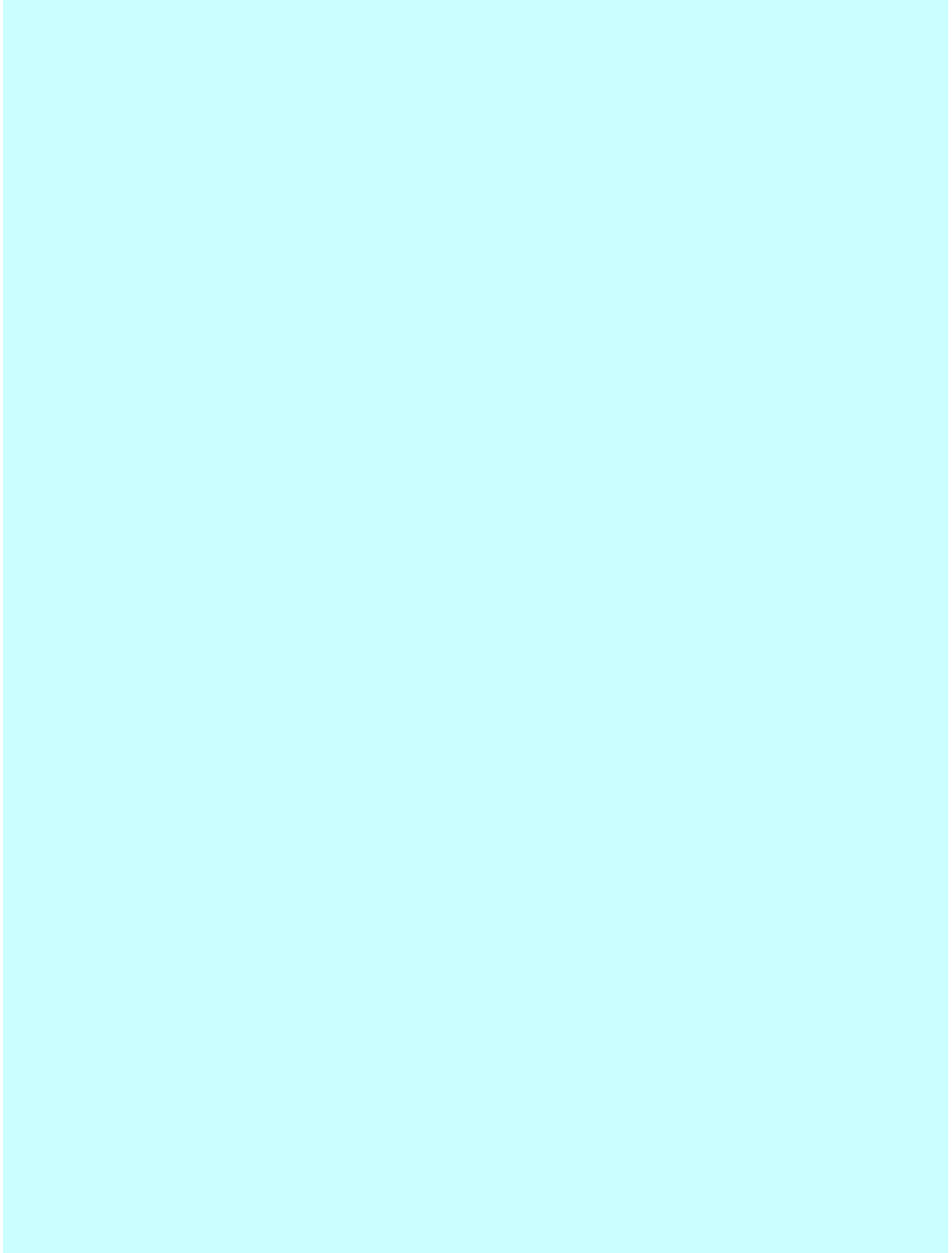
Whirrrr!

Whirrrrrrrrr!

Whirrrrr!

While we spun around and around and around, he **SANG** softly. (His voice sounded just like mine, too—he was even







tone deaf, like me! Squeak!)

“Do-do-do-do-dooooo,
Now what will you do?
They can’t tell who is who!
Geronimo Stilton, which one are you?”

When we finally stopped spinning, we stood **snout-to-snout**, staring each other in the eyes. I was furious — and a little queasy!

Just then, I noticed a strange, fishy smell . . .





I knew that **I** was **ME** and that **HE** was **HIM**, but my friends and family were more mixed-up than a mozzarella milkshake. They all started squeaking at once. “Which one of you is the real Geronimo Stilton?”

Anxious, I shouted, “**I am! I’m the real Geronimo Stilton! Not him!**”

But the thief also started to shout. “**Dear friends, don’t believe this imposter—I am the real Geronimo Stilton!**” Then he turned and pulled my whisker. “**How Dare** you pretend to be me!”

Everyone began to **circle** around us, muttering, “Umm, that one there is **SHORTER** than Geronimo . . . or maybe he’s **taller**? No, no, no, you can tell that the real Geronimo is that one with the longer **whiskers**. Or is he the one whose ears stick out more? It’s impossible to tell



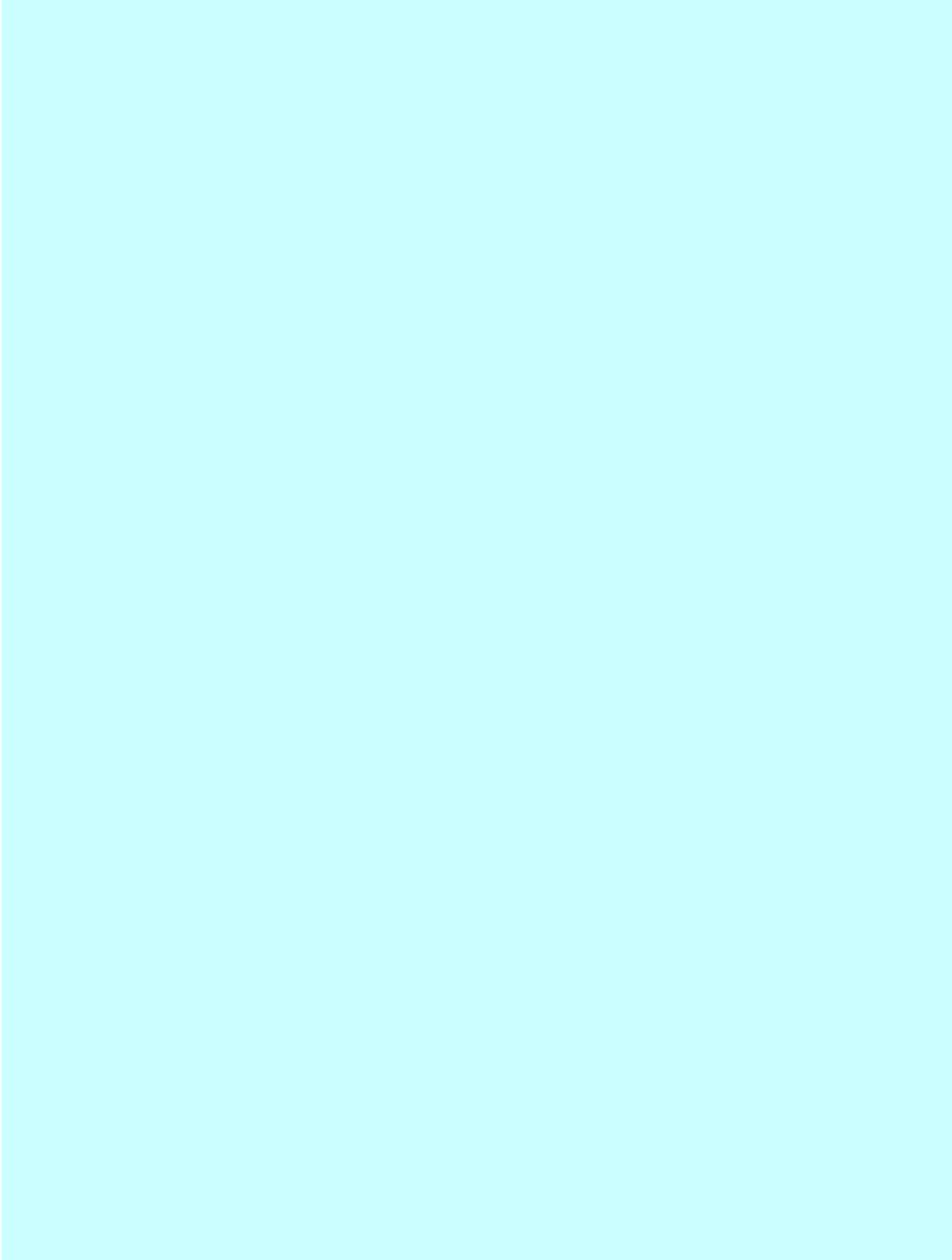
them apart—**moldy mozzarella**, this is hard!”

I continued to repeat desperately, “Friends, how can you not recognize me? **I am the real Geronimo, me! Squeeeak!**”

The thief **smiled** under his whiskers and clapped a paw against my back. “**Hey, rat, it seems like no one can tell which of us is the real Geronimo.** What we need is a competition—an official squeakdown! **HA, HA, HA!**”

The thief began to ask questions as fast as he could squeak. “What is your







grandfather's **exact** date of birth? What is the **exact** zip code where your cousin Stevie lives? **Exactly** how old was your niece Squeakette when she had her tonsils taken out?"

That wasn't all. **Cheese niblets**, this rat went on and on and on! "**Exactly** how many steps are on the staircase of Geronimo Stilton's house? **Exactly** how many days ago did he last go to the dentist? **Exactly** how much did his last electric bill cost?"

Cheese and crackers, I felt like I was drowning in questions! "Umm, I don't







remember exactly . . . but I would say . . . well, who knows . . . uh, the answer is on the **tip** of my tongue . . . squeak, who can remember all those details?”

That rat, on the other paw, knew **ALL** the details of my private life!

For the love of cheese, he must have **studied**!

With a smug look on his snout, he boasted, “**I have just proven that I am Geronimo Stilton – and he isn’t!**” The facts don’t lie!”

I watched in shock as my family and friends **nodded**

slowly. “We have to admit, you know **everything** about Geronimo’s private life. This other



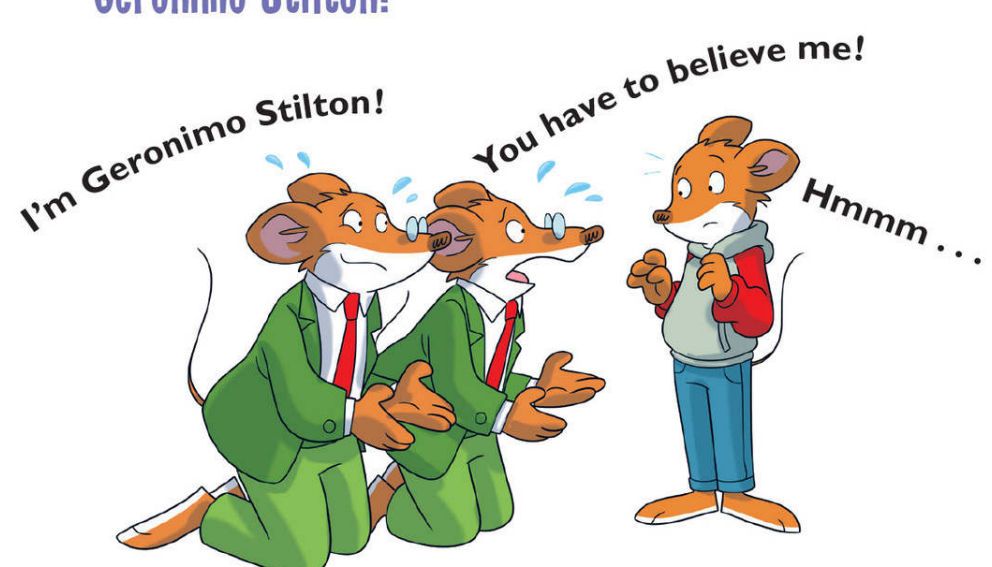


rodent was more **confused** than a mouse in a maze . . .”

The only one who didn’t squeak up was my nephew **Benjamin**. He looked back and forth between me and the thief, muttering, “**HMMM** . . .”

I put my paws together and begged, “**PLEASE, BENJAMIN, YOU BELIEVE ME, RIGHT?**”

But the imposter, imitating my voice perfectly, chimed in. “**Benjamin, don’t listen to a word he squeaks! I’m your real uncle — Stilton, Geronimo Stilton!**”







A FELINE FRIGHT!

The fake Geronimo **TRIED** to hug Benjamin, but my nephew took a step back and said, “If you’re **REALLY** my **UNCLE**, **TELL ME HOW MANY buttons you accidentally RIPPED off your jacket this MORNING before you LEFT.**”

The thief frowned. “Umm, right . . . the jacket! Of course . . . certainly . . . **this morning I ripped two buttons off my jacket** . . . just as I was leaving. What a cheesebrain!”

Benjamin’s eyes lit up and he squeaked, “**Wrong! You are not my uncle! You are not the real Geronimo!** The **R E A L** Geronimo didn’t rip any buttons off his **jacket** this morning! He ripped three buttons off his **pajamas!**”

Hercule clapped his paws and cheered. “Benjamin, that was **FABUMOUSE!**”



I would like to hire you as my **assistant!**"

Without a moment to spare, Hercule and all my friends jumped on top of the **fake** Geronimo to keep him from escaping. He leaped nimbly away yelling,

"Na-na-na-na-meow-meow!"





My fur stood on end. “**WHAT?** Did you say, ‘Na-na-na-na-meow-meow’?”

What a feline fright! That rat . . . was actually a cat!

Thundering cattails, that’s why he was so **LIGHT ON HIS PAWS!** That’s why he had been carrying that **can** of tuna! That’s why he stole the cat-goddess **Bastet** statue! That’s why he dropped a **FISH BONE!** And that’s why his **whiskers** smelled like fish!

He gave us a sly smile. “Okay, **fine**, you rats have figured me out! I’m a **PIRATE CAT!** Na-na-na-na-meow-meow! We had a perfect plan—and you rodents **ruined** it!”

The cat continued:

“**1.)** We wanted to send Geronimo Stilton to **JAIL**. That’s why we tried to frame you, rat!

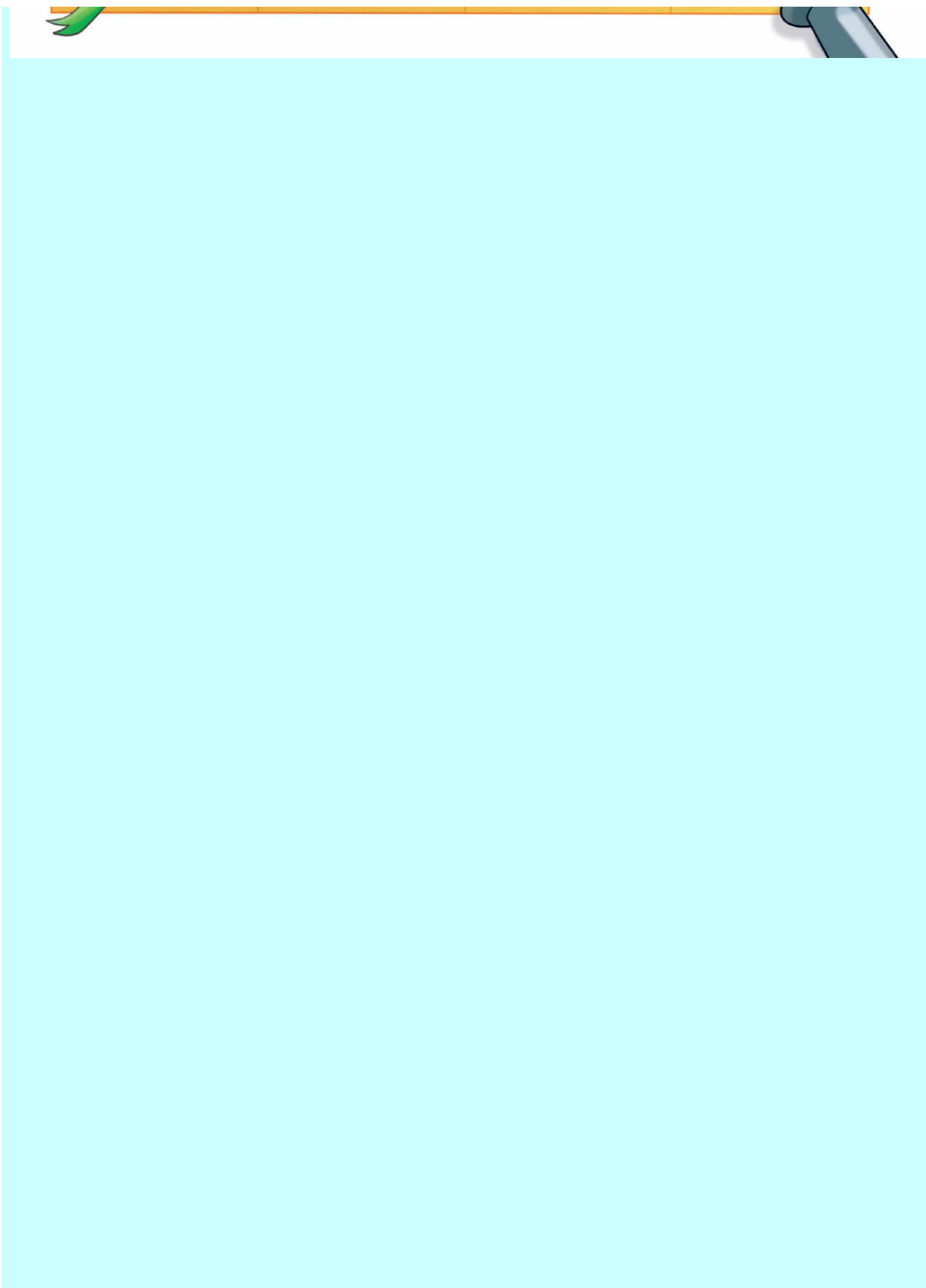
2.) Without you, *The Rodent’s Gazette* would **fail!**

A FELINE



FRIGHT!







3.) Without *The Rodent's Gazette*, no one would keep the rodents of Mouse Island **INFORMED!**

4.) With you mice in the dark, us **pirate cats** could get to the shores of Mouse Island undetected!

5.) We could steal the rodents' **treasures** and, best of all, we would have all the tasty rodents we could eat!



Yum!"

My whiskers were trembling with **rage**. Who did this crazy cat think he was?

I stepped forward, gathered my courage, and squeaked, "Give up, cat! It's over! Give us back the secret **PANETTONE** recipe and all the other treasures you stole!"

But instead, the cat pulled off his mouse



costume and **RAN away!** Luckily, the ruby **RING** he'd stolen from the mouse at the mall, the precious **FLUTE** he'd taken from La Scala Theater, the Bastet statue, and the ancient **SCROLL** with the panettone recipe all tumbled out of his disguise.

I gathered up the stolen objects so I could give them all back to their rightful owners. Finally, I pawed the scroll to Scooter. “**Holey cheese – operation: Secret Recipe is complete!**”





A HISTORIC BUILDING

Scooter **invited** all of us—plus our new Milanese friends—to his mousehole for dinner that night. “Let’s celebrate with a Milanese meal: **rice** with saffron, **OSSO BUCO**, and of course, **Panettone** with mascarpone cream!”

Trap licked his whiskers. “**YUM, YUM, YUM!**”

Once everyone had arrived, Scooter held up the **ancient** panettone recipe and gave a little speech.

“Dear friends, I can’t thank you enough for **tracking down** the secret panettone recipe, not to mention all of the other stolen objects!” Scooter squeaked with a cheesy smile. “Tomorrow at the **Royal Palace**, I can finally present this precious **DOCUMENT** to the press.



It's going to be a truly marvemouse day!"

We all cheered and clapped our paws.

Trap squinted, trying to read the recipe. "What language is this written in? I can't understand a cheese rind of what it says!"

I peered closely at the unrolled scroll. Cheesy cream puffs, my crazy cousin was **RIGHT**! Had we gone on a wild mouse chase just to track down something unreadable? Squeak!

Scooter held up his paws. "Don't worry, friends! The recipe is written in *Meneghino*, an ancient language of Milan. The time has finally come to translate it, and luckily, my friends from the Meneghina Family Society* can help. They're experts on Milanese history."

*The Meneghina Family Society is an association that promotes awareness about Milanese culture.



Moldy mozzarella, what a relief! For a second there, I'd thought I was going to **toss my cheese**.

Two rodents stepped forward and began to leaf through a stack of **books** and dictionaries on Scooter's table. Before I could gobble down my fourth slice of panettone (it really was **TASTY**!) they had translated the precious document. I was so **excited** I could hardly squeak! Of course, the recipe itself was nothing new, but what a **MOUSETASTIC** cultural artifact!

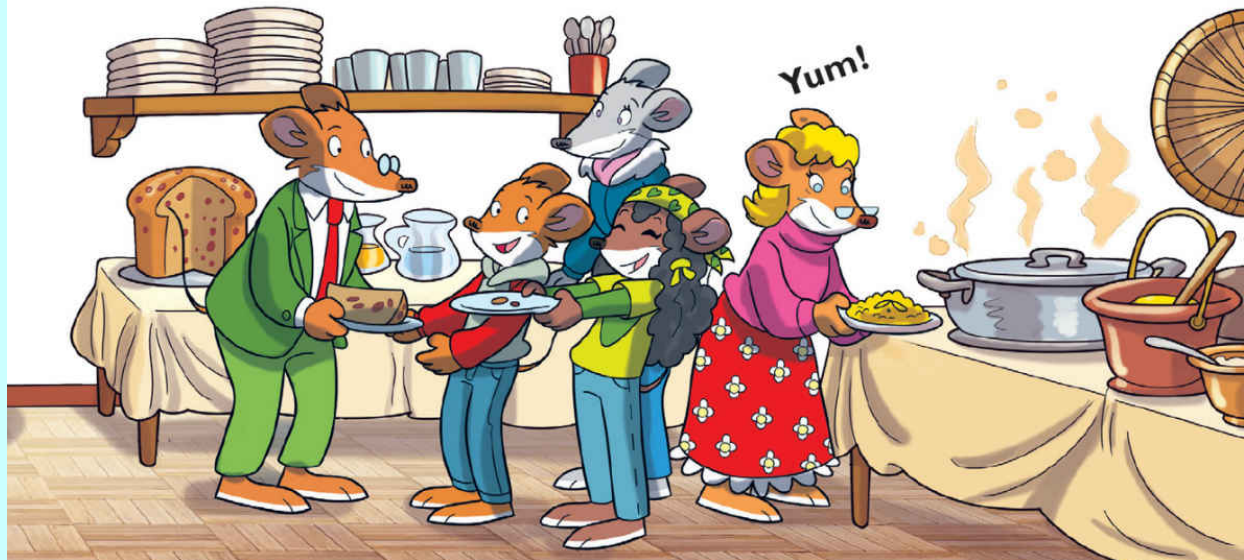
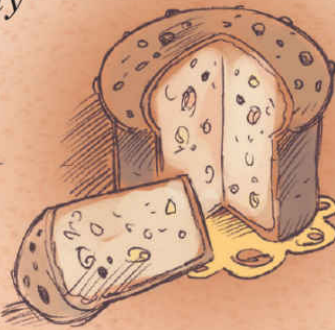






HERE'S THE TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUSE PANETTONE RECIPE!

Not too hard or too soft, not too creamy or too dry, not too sweet or too greasy, this is the perfect dessert. Mice from miles around all agree! Majestic but simple, topped with candied fruit, this is tasty and refined, fabumously filling, and forever a favorite. This cake should always be made with fresh, quality ingredients: sugar, eggs, butter, flour, candied fruit, and plenty of raisins. This is definitely a dessert to squeak about!





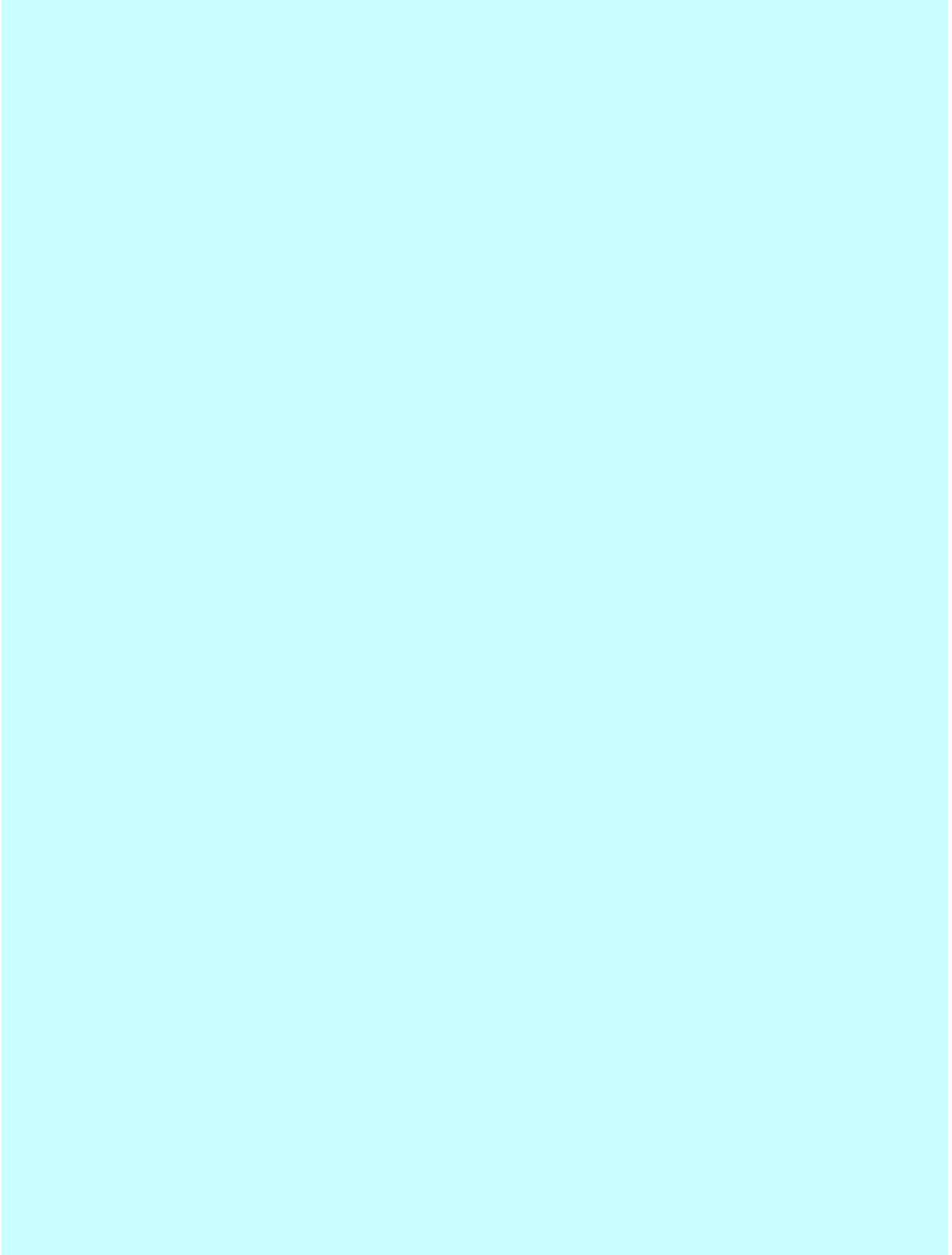


GOOD-BYE, MILAN!

When it was time to **return** home, all our new Milanese friends were sad to see us go. Scooter **hugged** me. “Geronimo, please come back anytime you want—you’re always **WELCOME** in Milan!”

I smiled. “**My friend**, we will definitely see each other again! Please come visit us in New Mouse City. And since I never actually





GOOD-BYE,



MILAN!

got to **see** *The Last Supper*, I'll definitely come back to Milan soon!"

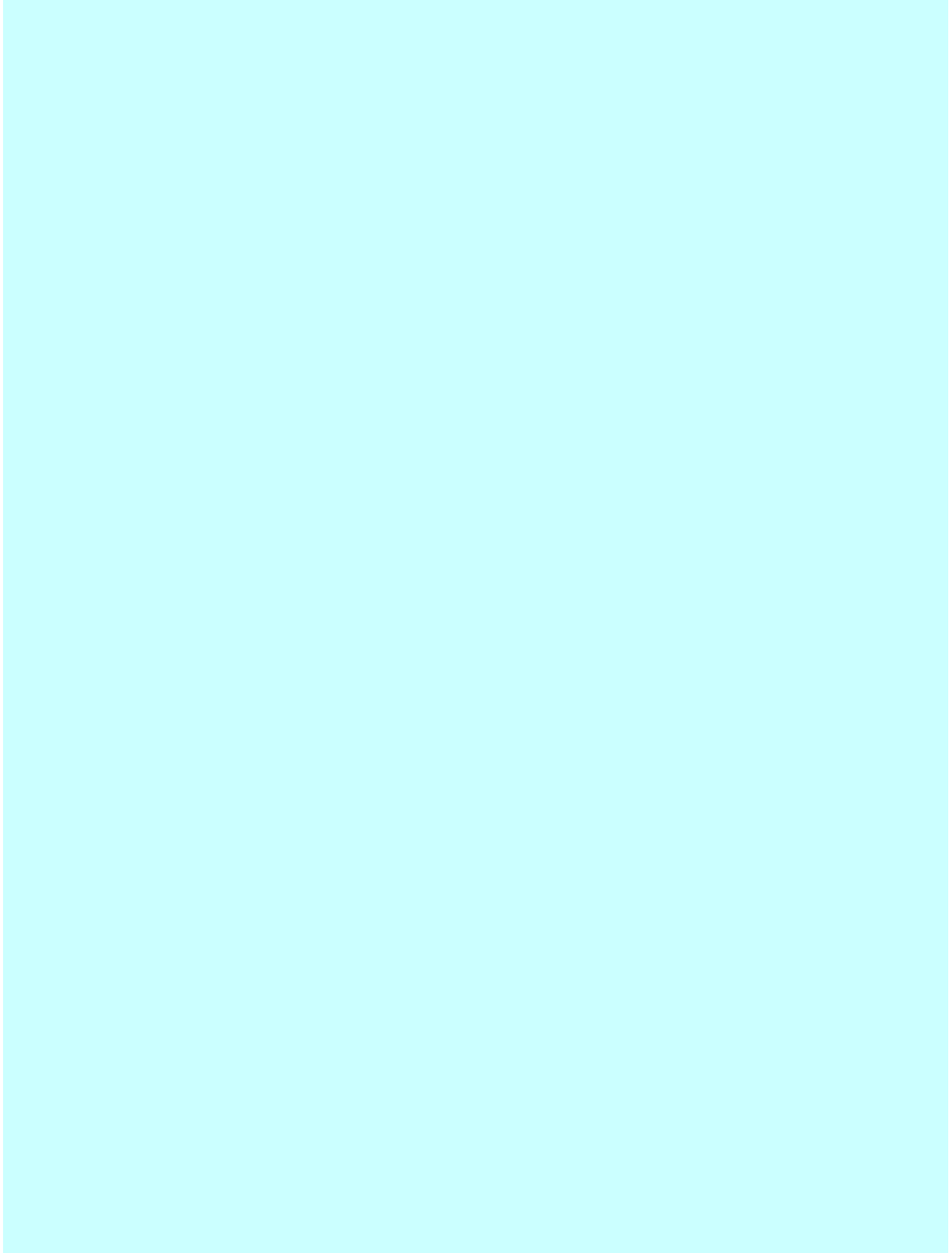
Scooter laughed.

"It was **fabumouse** to meet you," I went on. "After all, we have the same interest in books and the same passion for history. It's not every day you meet a mouse with such **good taste!**"

Scooter **darted** off on his red moped, waving a paw and calling, "Good-bye!"

As we climbed back into the camper, I





GOOD-BYE,



MILAN!

couldn't help thinking about our fabumouse adventure. I had made so many new **friends** in Milan, and discovered so many new things . . .

. . . like how *whisker-licking* good panettone is! **yum!**

Plus, Operation: Secret Recipe was a success! And along the way, I'd gotten to see *famous sights* like La Scala Theater and Sforza Castle. I'd never forget climbing to the top of the Duomo di Milano and admiring the view. *What a city!* I hadn't wanted to come on this trip in the first place, but now I was so glad I'd let my family and friends **twist my paw**.

**milan is a truly
mousetastic place!**

GOOD-BYE,  MILAN!

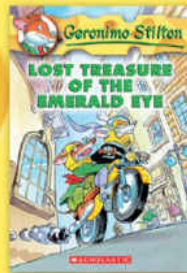
Dear readers, if you ever have the chance to visit **Milan**, get your tail in gear and go! I'll bet you'd have a wonderful adventure there, just like we did . . .

RODENT'S HONOR!

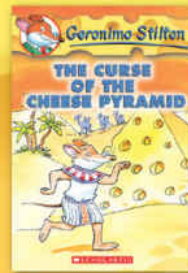




**Be sure to
read all my
fabumouse
adventures!**



#1 Lost Treasure of the Emerald Eye



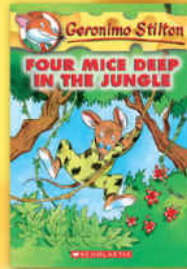
#2 The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid



#3 Cat and Mouse in a Haunted House



#4 I'm Too Fond of My Fur!



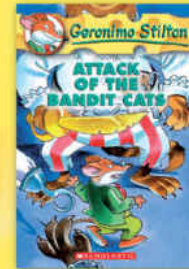
#5 Four Mice Deep in the Jungle



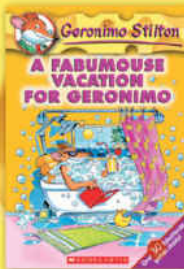
#6 Paws Off, Cheddarface!



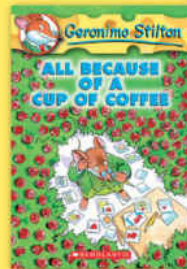
#7 Red Pizzas for a Blue Count



#8 Attack of the Bandit Cats



#9 A Fabumouse Vacation for Geronimo



#10 All Because of a Cup of Coffee



#11 It's Halloween, You 'Fraidy Mouse!



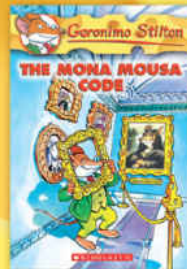
#12 Merry Christmas, Geronimo!



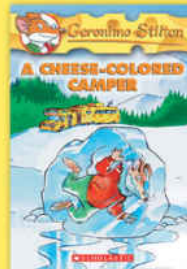
#13 The Phantom of the Subway



#14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire



#15 The Mona Mousa Code



#16 A Cheese-Colored Camper



#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!



#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands



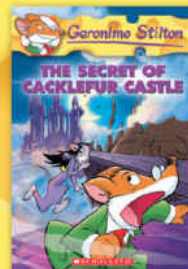
#19 My Name Is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton



#20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!



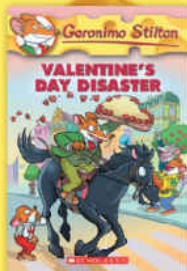
#21 The Wild, Wild West



#22 The Secret of Cacklefur Castle



A Christmas Tale



#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



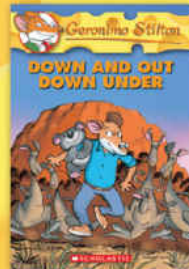
#26 The Mummy with No Name



#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



#28 Wedding Crasher



#29 Down and Out Down Under



#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



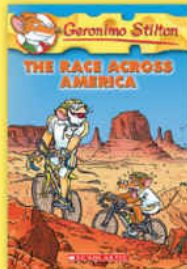
#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



#35 A Very Merry Christmas



#36 Geronimo's Valentine



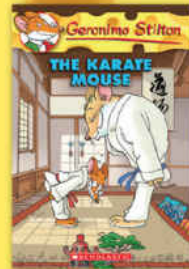
#37 The Race Across America



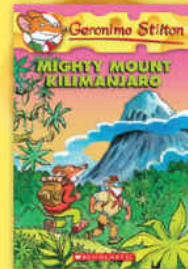
#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



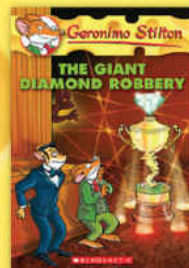
#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



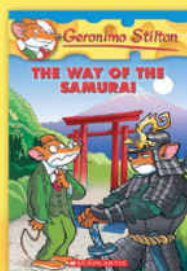
#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



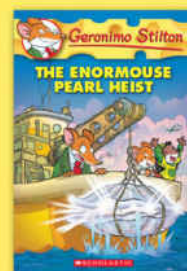
#48 The Mystery in Venice



#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted!



#51 The Enormouse Pearl Heist



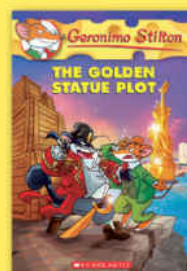
#52 Mouse in Space!



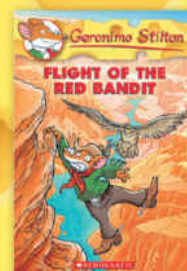
#53 Rumble in the Jungle



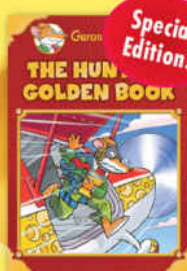
#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



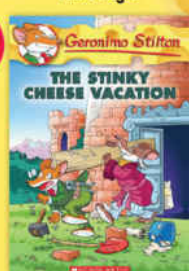
#55 The Golden Statue Plot



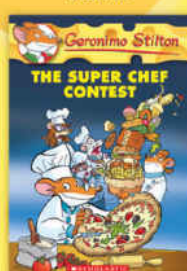
#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



The Hunt for the Golden Book



#57 The Stinky Cheese Vacation



#58 The Super Chef Contest



#59 Welcome to Moldy Manor



The Hunt for the Curious Cheese



#60 The Treasure of Easter Island



#61 Mouse House Hunter



#62 Mouse Overboard!



The Hunt for the Secret Papyrus



#63 The Cheese Experiment



#64 Magical Mission



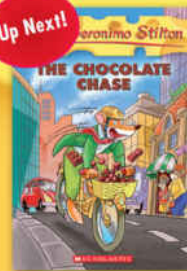
#65 Bollywood Burglary



The Hunt for the Hundredth Key



#66 Operation: Secret Recipe



#67 The Chocolate Chase

MEET Geronimo Stiltonord



He is a mouseking – the Geronimo Stilton of the ancient far north! He lives with his brawny and brave clan in the village of Mouseborg. From sailing frozen waters to facing fiery dragons, every day is an adventure for the micekings!



#1 Attack of the
Dragons



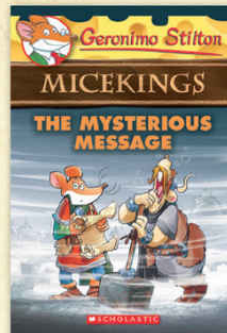
#2 The Famous
Fjord Race



#3 Pull the
Dragon's Tooth!



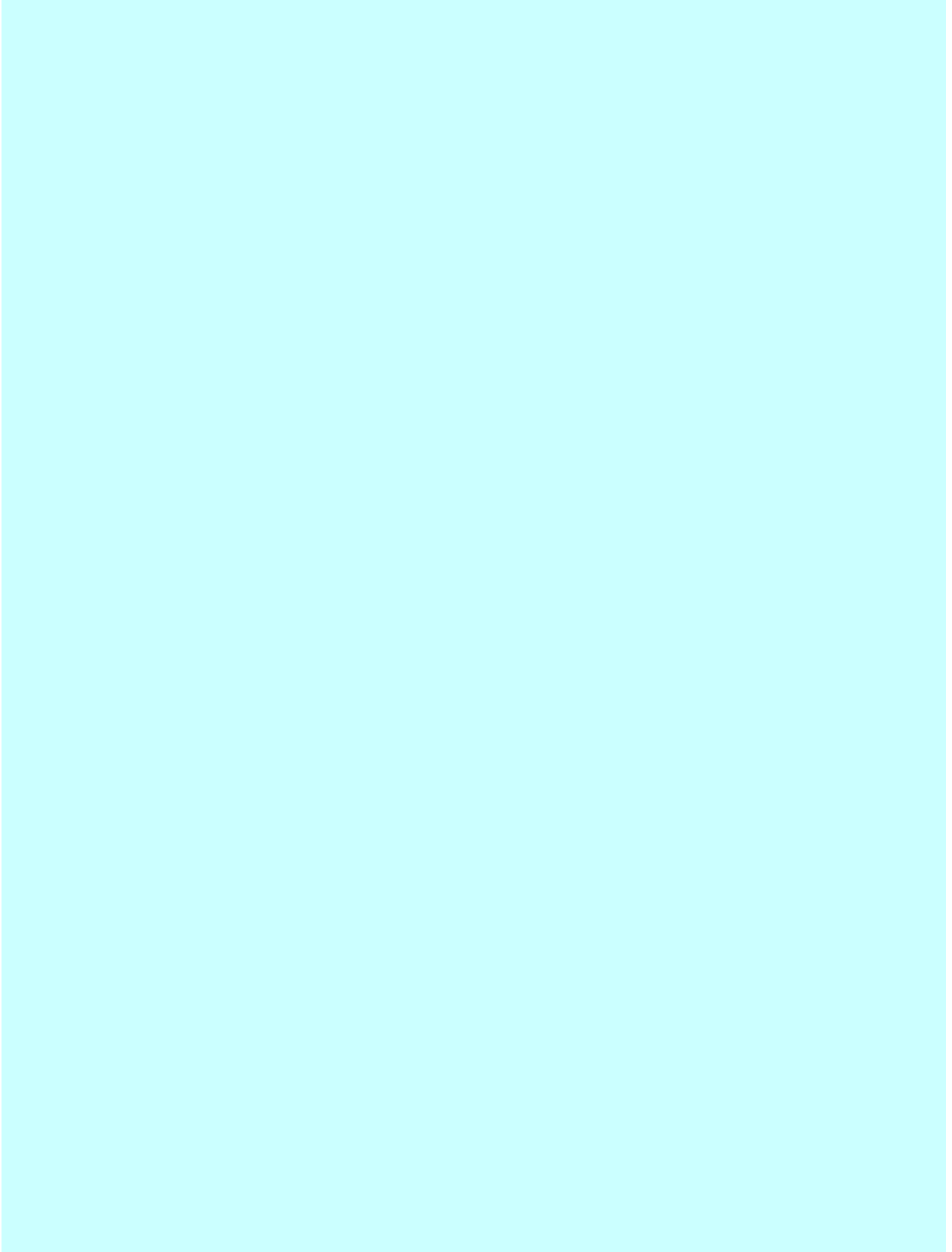
#4 Stay Strong,
Geronimo!



#5 The Mysterious
Message



#6 The Helmet
Holdup





**Don't miss any of
these exciting Thea
Sisters adventures!**



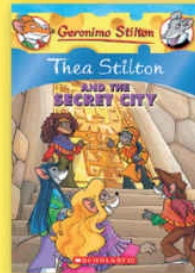
**Thea Stilton and the
Dragon's Code**



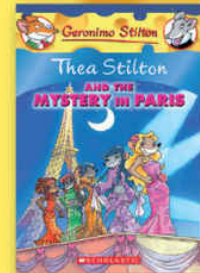
**Thea Stilton and the
Mountain of Fire**



**Thea Stilton and the
Ghost of the Shipwreck**



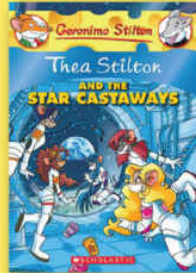
**Thea Stilton and the
Secret City**



**Thea Stilton and the
Mystery in Paris**



**Thea Stilton and the
Cherry Blossom Adventure**



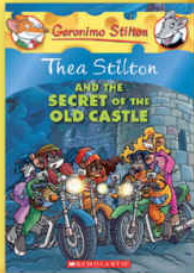
**Thea Stilton and the
Star Castaways**



**Thea Stilton: Big Trouble
in the Big Apple**



**Thea Stilton and the
Ice Treasure**



**Thea Stilton and the
Secret of the Old Castle**



**Thea Stilton and the
Blue Scarab Hunt**



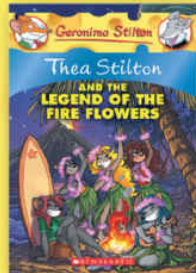
**Thea Stilton and the
Prince's Emerald**



**Thea Stilton and the
Mystery on the Orient Express**



**Thea Stilton and the
Dancing Shadows**



**Thea Stilton and the
Legend of the Fire Flowers**



**Thea Stilton and the
Spanish Dance Mission**



**Thea Stilton and the
Journey to the Lion's Den**

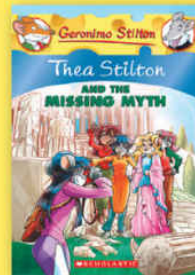




Thea Stilton and the Great Tulip Heist



Thea Stilton and the Chocolate Sabotage



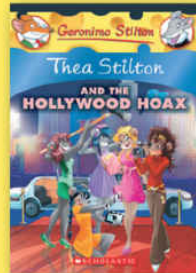
Thea Stilton and the Missing Myth



Thea Stilton and the Lost Letters



Thea Stilton and the Tropical Treasure



Thea Stilton and the Hollywood Hoax



Thea Stilton and the Madagascar Madness

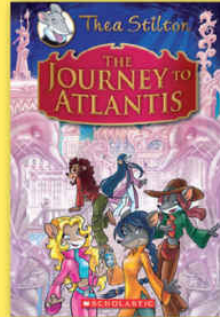


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Thea Stilton and the Venice Masquerade

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TO ATLANTIS



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THE SECRET OF
THE FAIRIES



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THE SECRET OF
THE SNOW



THEA STILTON:
THE CLOUD
CASTLE



THEA STILTON:
THE TREASURE
OF THE SEA

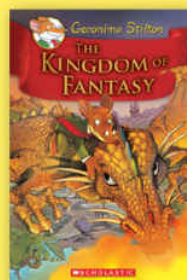


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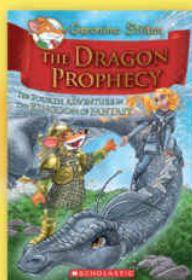
**THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



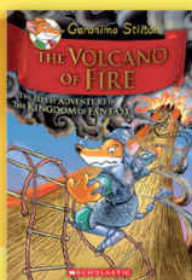
**THE QUEST FOR
PARADISE:**
THE RETURN TO THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



**THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:**
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:**
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



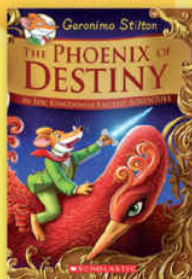
**THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:**
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
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**THE SEARCH
FOR TREASURE:**
THE SIXTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
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**THE ENCHANTED
CHARMS:**
THE SEVENTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE PHOENIX
OF DESTINY:**
AN EPIC KINGDOM OF
FANTASY ADVENTURE



**THE HOUR OF
MAGIC:**
THE EIGHTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE WIZARD'S
WAND:**
THE NINTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE SHIP OF
SECRETS:**
THE TENTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE DRAGON
OF FORTUNE:**
AN EPIC KINGDOM OF
FANTASY ADVENTURE



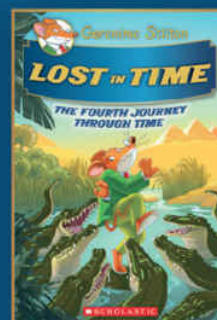
**THE JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME**



BACK IN TIME:
THE SECOND JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME



**THE RACE
AGAINST TIME:**
THE THIRD JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME



LOST IN TIME:
THE FOURTH JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME

MEET GERONIMO STILTONix



He is a spacemouse — the Geronimo Stilton of a parallel universe! He is captain of the spaceship *MouseStar 1*. While flying through the cosmos, he visits distant planets and meets crazy aliens. His adventures are out of this world!



#1 Alien Escape



#2 You're Mine, Captain!



#3 Ice Planet Adventure



#4 The Galactic Goal



#5 Rescue Rebellion



#6 The Underwater Planet



#7 Beware! Space Junk!



#8 Away in a Star Sled



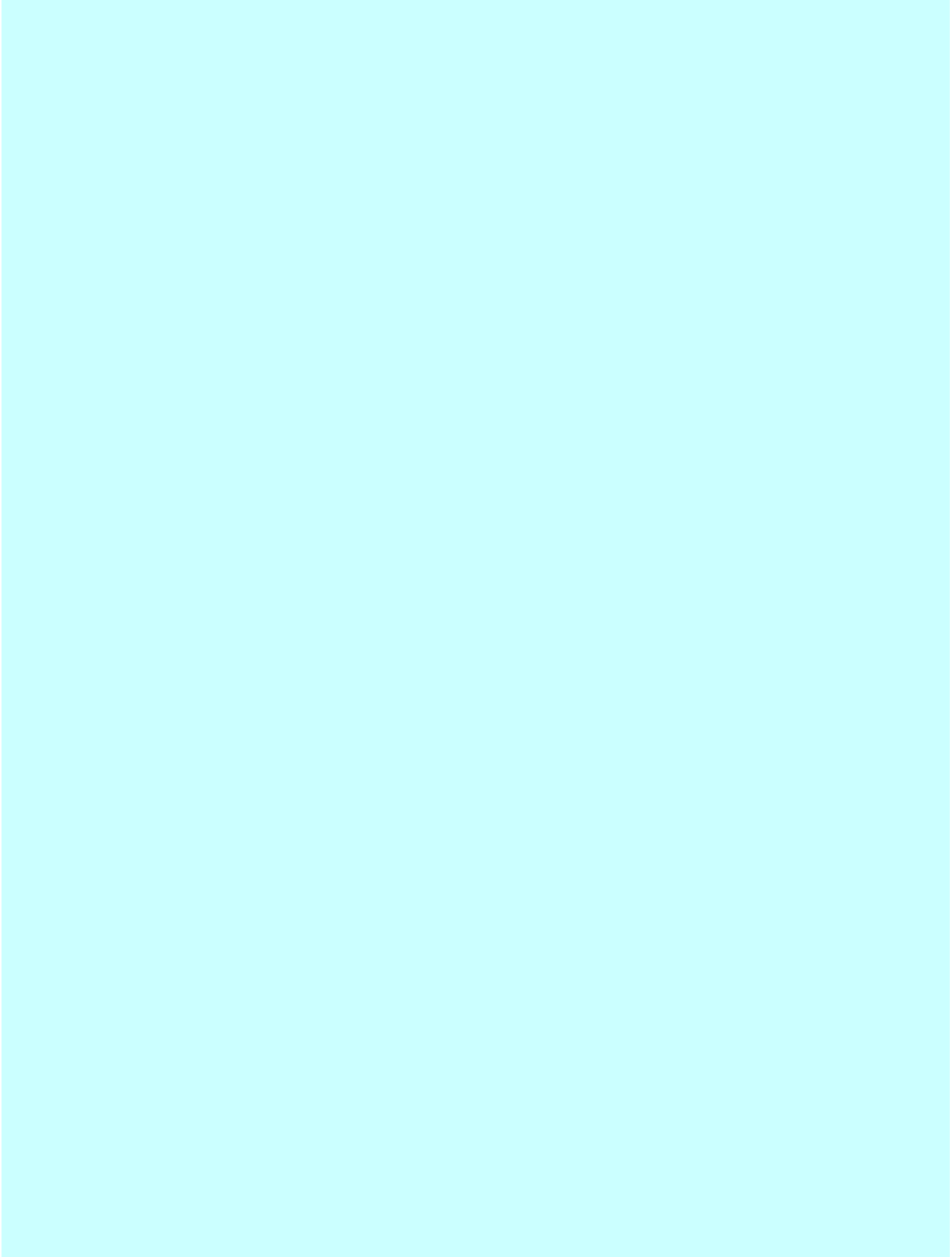
#9 Slurp Monster Showdown



#10 Pirate Spacecat Attack



#11 We'll Bite Your Tail, Geronimo!



ABOUT THE AUTHOR



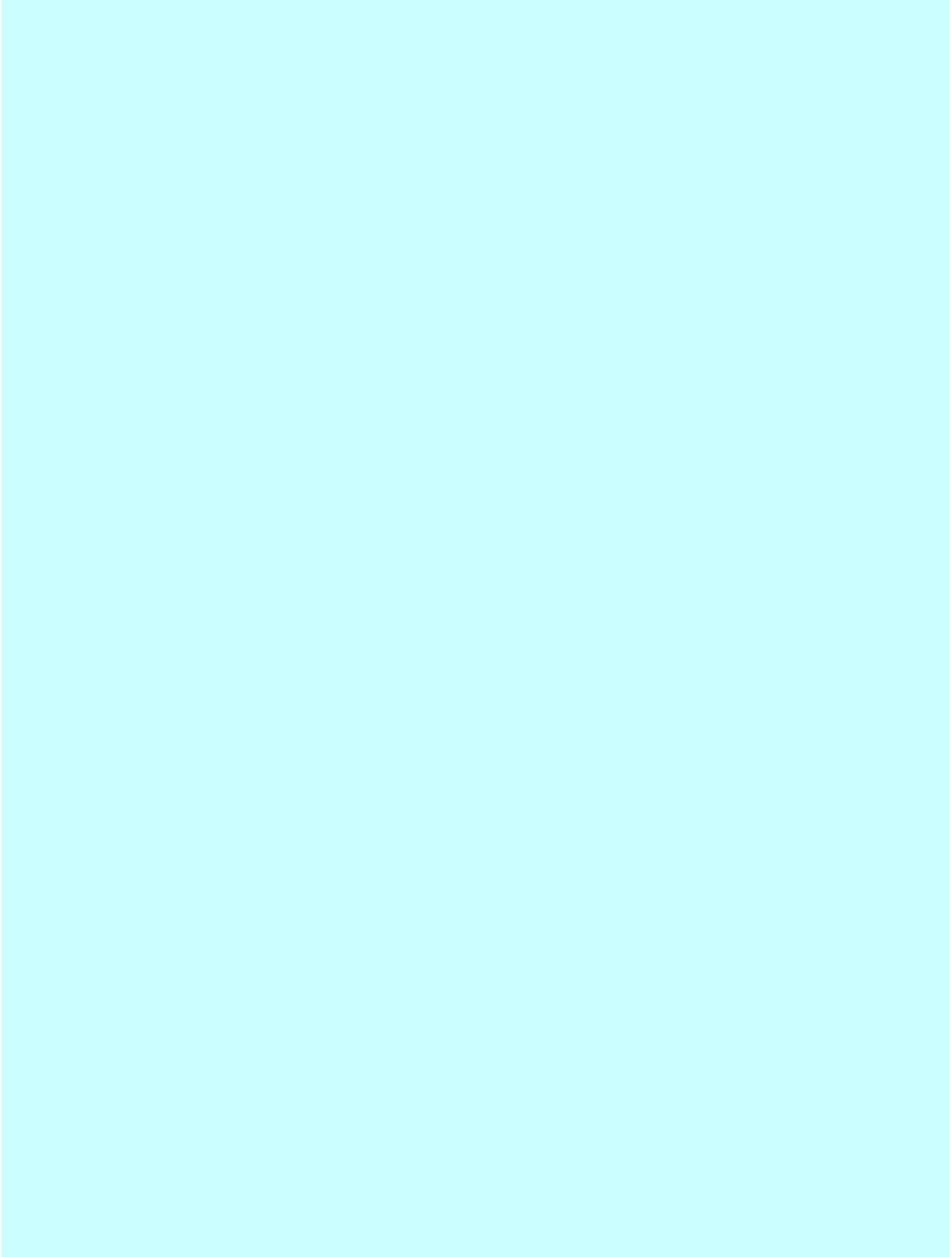
Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

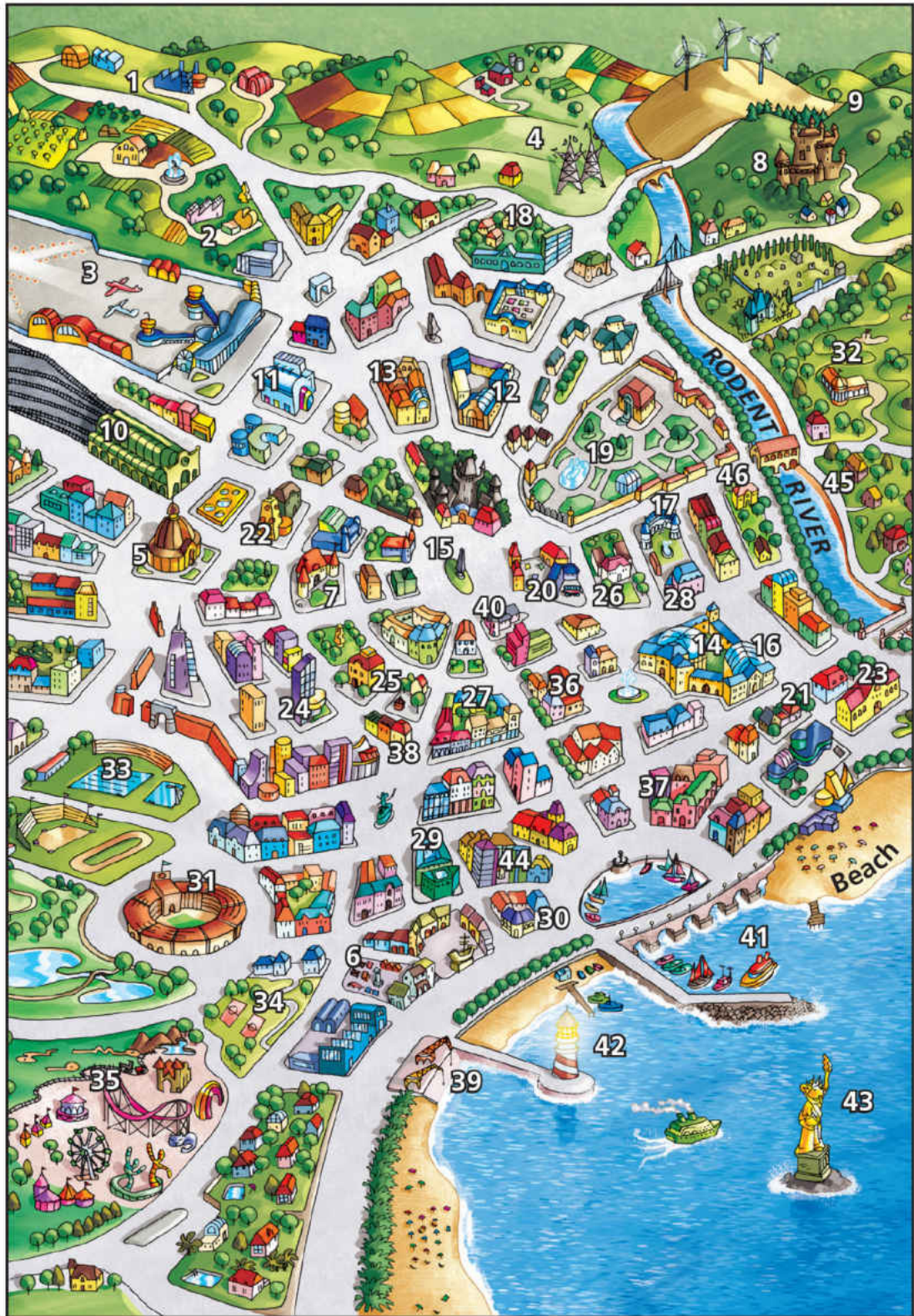
Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.



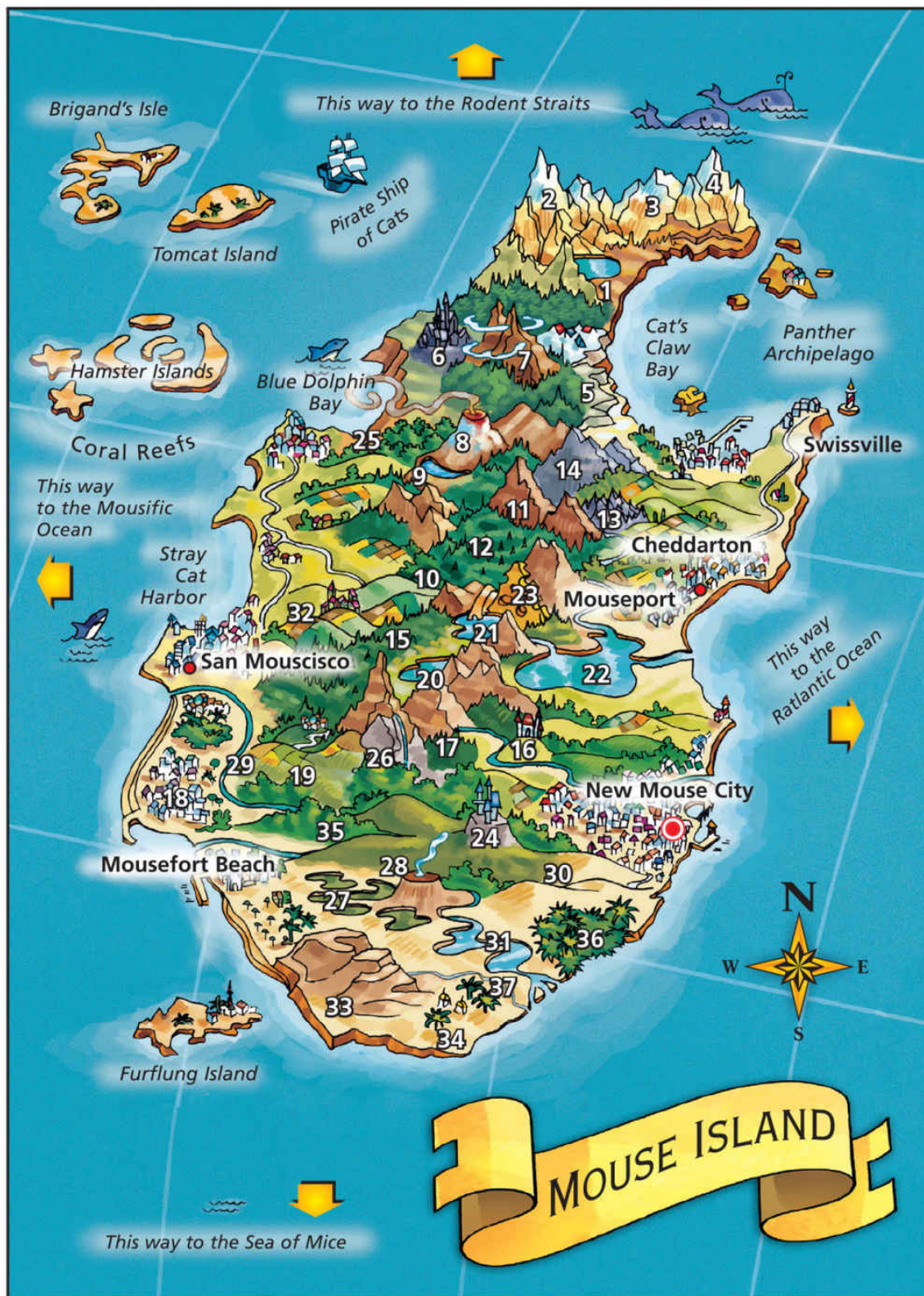






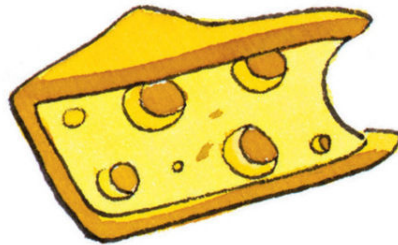
Map of New Mouse City

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Industrial Zone | 24. <i>The Daily Rat</i> |
| 2. Cheese Factories | 25. <i>The Rodent's Gazette</i> |
| 3. Angorat International Airport | 26. Trap's House |
| 4. WRAT Radio and Television Station | 27. Fashion District |
| 5. Cheese Market | 28. The Mouse House Restaurant |
| 6. Fish Market | 29. Environmental Protection Center |
| 7. Town Hall | 30. Harbor Office |
| 8. Snotnose Castle | 31. Mousidon Square Garden |
| 9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island | 32. Golf Course |
| 10. Mouse Central Station | 33. Swimming Pool |
| 11. Trade Center | 34. Tennis Courts |
| 12. Movie Theater | 35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park |
| 13. Gym | 36. Geronimo's House |
| 14. Catnegie Hall | 37. Historic District |
| 15. Singing Stone Plaza | 38. Public Library |
| 16. The Gouda Theater | 39. Shipyard |
| 17. Grand Hotel | 40. Thea's House |
| 18. Mouse General Hospital | 41. New Mouse Harbor |
| 19. Botanical Gardens | 42. Luna Lighthouse |
| 20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store) | 43. The Statue of Liberty |
| 21. Aunt Sweetfur and Benjamin's House | 44. Hercule Poirat's Office |
| 22. Mouseum of Modern Art | 45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House |
| 23. University and Library | 46. Grandfather William's House |



Map of Mouse Island

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Big Ice Lake | 21. Lake Lakelake |
| 2. Frozen Fur Peak | 22. Lake Lakelakelake |
| 3. Slipperyslopes Glacier | 23. Cheddar Crag |
| 4. Coldcreeps Peak | 24. Cannycat Castle |
| 5. Ratzikistan | 25. Valley of the Giant |
| 6. Transratania | Sequoia |
| 7. Mount Vamp | 26. Cheddar Springs |
| 8. Roastedrat Volcano | 27. Sulfurous Swamp |
| 9. Brimstone Lake | 28. Old Reliable Geyser |
| 10. Poopedcat Pass | 29. Vole Vale |
| 11. Stinko Peak | 30. Ravingrat Ravine |
| 12. Dark Forest | 31. Gnat Marshes |
| 13. Vain Vampires Valley | 32. Munster Highlands |
| 14. Goose Bumps Gorge | 33. Mousehara Desert |
| 15. The Shadow Line Pass | 34. Oasis of the |
| 16. Penny Pincher Castle | Sweaty Camel |
| 17. Nature Reserve Park | 35. Cabbagehead Hill |
| 18. Las Ratayas Marinas | 36. Rattytrap Jungle |
| 19. Fossil Forest | 37. Rio Mosquito |
| 20. Lake Lake | |



Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell
till the next book.
It'll be another whisker-licking-good
adventure, and that's a promise!



Geronimo Stilton





GERONIMO STILTON



THEA



TRAP



BENJAMIN

Who is Geronimo Stilton?

That's me! I run a newspaper, but my true passion is writing adventure stories. Here in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, my books are all bestsellers! My stories are funny, fa-mouse-ly funny. They are whisker-licking-good tales, and that's a promise!

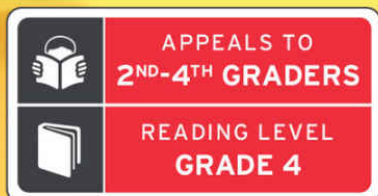
OPERATION: SECRET RECIPE

My family and I traveled to Milan, Italy, for a special event: the unveiling of the precious ancient parchment containing the secret, original recipe for panettone (a traditional sweet holiday bread). But right before the big moment, the recipe was stolen! And the thief was masquerading as . . . me! Could I catch the thief and clear my name?

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